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OXFORD—ENGLAND.

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OXFORD.

IN our last number we gave two views of remarkable buildings in the venerable and picturesque city, Oxford. This month we present our readers with a view of the city taken from the river Thames, near Whitham Park, the stately domain of the Earl of Abingdon. Oxford is the most famous seat of learning in the world, and from its frequent mention in the classical literature of England, cannot be otherwise than interesting to an American reader. To Englishmen, Oxford, more than any other city in Great Britain, is full of objects of the deepest interest, and is generally regarded as the most beautiful town in the Kingdom.

It contains a larger and richer display of medieval and academic architecture than any other; and it yields to none in picturesque variety. Indeed, apart from its attractions in point of taste, the place could hardly fail to be regarded with more than common interest, wherein so many great men laid the foundation of their greatness in that "culture and manurance of the mind," as Bacon terms it, which not alone prepared them to produce such abundant fruit in their season, but by its "forcible though unseen operation," conducted more than anything else to formation and completion of their whole moral and mental character; and that so abounds with recollections and associations which appeal to the loftiest feelings, and are connected with so much that is important in history. Few who think of its fame, and recollect its associations, and recognize the dignity of its position, can approach it for the first time without some (it may be vague) excitement of feeling; and assuredly, none who do so approach it are disappointed. When even those come to visit it, who, from carelessness or prejudice, usually regard it with indifference or dislike, the genius of the place seldom fails to seize hold of them; gradually better and kindlier feelings supersede those which were before cherished; and the placid grandeur, the peaceful venerableness, of this ancient favourite of the Muses, is recognized and respected. A first visit to Oxford is a thing to remember.

Like almost every ancient city, Oxford has sought the aid of fable in order to extend its antiquity. It is, however, hardly worth our while to inquire whether it was a city in the shadowy era of the early British princes, or to search after the date of its foundation; nor stay to "consider curiously" into the origin of its name. It seems to be generally allowed that the name arose from there having been a ford across the Thames here; but Warton, and some other learned writers, have attempted to show that it was originally called Ousen-ford, or the Ford of the Ouse, a usual Saxon name for a river; and they think their hypothesis is supported by the preservation of the word in Oseney, or Oseney Abbey, in the adjacent meadows; while the common opinion is, that Oxford owes its name to the ford being one chiefly used for oxen. This last is the favourite etymology of antiquaries, and it is that adopted by the city itself, which carries as its arms "an ox *gules* passing through a ford." The name was written Oxnaford by the Saxons; in the Domesday Survey it is Oxeneford; and Oxenford it continued to be written down to a comparatively recent period.

Whatever was the date of its foundation, it was a place of some consequence in Saxon times, and was

not unfrequently the seat of royalty. Alfred is said to have resided here; and some of his coins still exist, on which the name of the city is inscribed. In 1010 it was burned by the Danes, but it appears to have been quickly restored; for, not long after, it is spoken of as the residence of Edmund Ironsides, who died here, as was supposed, by unfair means, in 1016. During the reign of his successor, Canute, the great council of the nation was often held at Oxford. After the death of Canute, it was here that the Council met to decide on the rival claims of Harold and Hardicanute to the throne. In accordance with their decision, Harold was crowned at Oxford; and it was at Oxford that he died. At the Norman invasion the citizens of Oxford refused to submit to the Conqueror; and when, after his coronation, he marched into Oxfordshire, they resolutely denied him admittance into the city.

Henry I. appears to have entertained considerable partiality for the town, perhaps, as Wood asserts, from his having been educated there. He built for himself a residence at Oxford, which was called Beaumont Palace, and was occasionally occupied by royalty down to the time of Edward II. who gave it to the society of Carmelite Friars for a monastery. A dilapidated fragment of it remained till 1830, when it was removed to make way for a new street, which, from its occupying the site of the palace, received the name of Beaumont street.

In the war between Stephen and Matilda, Oxford Castle was garrisoned for the empress-queen; and hither it was that she fled when driven out of London by the citizens. Somewhat later it was the scene of one of her most romantic adventures. Towards the end of 1142 she kept her court at Oxford. She had long baffled all Stephen's attempts to get her into his power; and he now marched against the city in which she was, with the avowed determination not to quit the siege till she was his prisoner. The city he soon stormed and burnt; but the queen retreated into the castle, which refused to listen to any terms. The winter set in with unusual severity, but the king prosecuted the siege with unabated vigour. For nearly three months he had been before the castle, and every effort that had been made to convey provisions to the besieged had been defeated. He knew that famine must soon open an entrance to him. He felt assured that at last the bird was in the toils, and every avenue of escape diligently guarded. The brave garrison, however, knew their duty. They might die, but they would not yield their queen a prisoner. It was not till she, as well as themselves, was nearly starved to death, that submission was spoken of. The surrender was fixed for the 21st of December; but on the night before it took place, the queen resolved to attempt an escape by one of those bold stratagems she knew so well how to contrive and execute, and which had been suggested to her by the rigour of the season. Snow covered the fields; the many arms into which the river here separates were frozen over. Here was her hope. Clothed in white, and accompanied by three trusty knights similarly clothed, about midnight, she stole quietly out of a postern, and gliding, like a ghost, over the frozen river and snow-clad fields, passed unquestioned by the besiegers.

THE MYSTERIOUS HUNTSMAN.

A TALE OF ILLINOIS.

BY PAUL CRAYTON.

[ORIGINAL.]

CHAPTER I.

THE FAMILY ON THE RIVER DES PLAINES.

To him who has been pent up in the walls of a city during a portion of his life, or to him who has sailed for months upon the ocean without beholding land, there can be no sight more beautiful, more refreshing, than the prairie, between the months of May and October.

We speak not of the prairie which has been described as low, monotonous, and capable of giving root and nourishment to naught but tall coarse grass, but of the prairie as it really exists—broad, fertile, undulating, covered with a robe of the richest green, and ornamented with a variety of the loveliest wild flowers—in short, of the prairie which the first of American poets has so beautifully described, and which we have wandered over in person, day after day, with no companion save our dog and gun.

Within a few years the population of the prairies of Illinois, has increased with astonishing rapidity. The banks of all the principal rivers, which are bordered for the most part with thickets and heavy oak trees, are now inhabited by emigrants from almost every portion of the world. The timber is fallen, the deer is hunted from his native home, and on the broad prairies, which extend from stream to stream, houses, barns, and fields of grain appear.

Upon the banks of the *Reviere des Plaines*, several miles south of the famous Mount Juliet, which Schoolcraft has so ably described, there dwelt, not many years ago, a family which had emigrated from Vermont. The population at that time was somewhat thinner than at present, but still the neighbourhood in which this family resided, boasted of many respectable emigrants from the Eastern States. Of these, none were more highly esteemed than the family in question, and surely none possessed a finer locality or richer lands. In short, Mr. Austin was an industrious, enterprising, and benevolent man; his wife a fit companion for such an individual, and the fair Ellen, the worthy offspring of an upright father, and a once beautiful and still good-looking mother.

Besides Ellen, who was sixteen years of age, Mr. Austin had another child—a son—who had remained at the East to finish his education, and who, at the time our story opens, was daily expected by his parents in the West. This young man was of a fiery disposition, talented, but self-conceited, headstrong, and above all, bitterly satirical.

Not far from the residence of Mr. Austin, which, as we have said, was on the banks of the Des Plaines, there lived a young man of an eccentric disposition, about whose existence a sort of a mystery hung. He was about twenty-five years of age, tall, well made, dark complexioned, and possessed of a most striking and expressive countenance, which, if not

handsome, was at least dignified and manly. He lived alone upon the edge of the prairie, dividing his time between hunting, fishing, and cultivating a small tract of land which he had purchased. He was affable to all; but there was only one being whose society he courted; and that one was Ellen Austin. In fact, matters had been carried so far that it was rumored that Clinton Grover and Ellen Austin were soon to be united by bands which Death alone can sever. It is needless to say that Ellen's companions cautioned her against encouraging the addresses of one she scarcely knew, and who was apparently poor and friendless. However, there was something in Clinton's appearance that dispelled all her doubts, and won her heart in spite of his poverty and mysterious course of life.

CHAPTER II.

THE INN.

It was in the month of August; the day was drawing to its close, and the shades of evening were gathering slowly over the prairie. It was at that hour when day seems to melt gently away, and the stars appear faint and glimmering, upon the canopy of heaven.

A hunter, at that time, might have been seen plodding his way along the sloping banks of the Des Plaines. His gun was upon his shoulder, and his game-bag, filled with a dozen fat grouse, or prairie-hens, was strapped upon his back. A faithful pointer, faint and weary, followed close behind him, stopping occasionally to bathe his burning tongue in the waters of the stream.

This hunter was no other than Clinton Grover. In the middle of the afternoon he had wandered forth to enjoy his favourite sport, and giving way to the excitement of the hunt, had carelessly proceeded several miles from home. Hunger now became pressing, and having left the prairie for the bank of the stream, he began to look forward in hopes of seeing the well-known roof of a tavern which was situated on the river Des Plaines.

At length, after proceeding some distance down the stream, the inn of the "White Rabbit" appeared in view. This was a rudely constructed building, designed for the accommodation of hunters and travellers in that portion of the West; and well it carried out its design, as we ourselves can witness, having more than once had occasion to test the skill of the good landlord, and to taste his wines, his venison and wild fowls.

Clinton entered without ceremony, and giving his gun and bag of game into the hands of Boniface, threw himself carelessly upon a lounge.

"You are always sure of making a good haul, you are," said the landlord, casting a glance of admiration at the heavy game-bag. "If I should hunt a week, I'm sure I couldn't kill a dozen such fat chickens as you have got to-day."

"And not only to-day," returned Clinton, "but during just too hours time this afternoon. But it is nothing; I have killed twice the number before now in half the time."

"Lucky fellow!" sighed the landlord.

"Lucky? Why, every man has his gifts, as my grandfather used to say. I have the good fortune of being a tolerable good shot, while you, old fellow, are blessed with the faculty which enables you to get up the most tempting supper in the world. By the way, I am a little faint in the regions of the stomach, and the memory of the fat venison steaks I've had the honour of eating at your table before now, makes me impatient; so serve me a dish as soon as possible, and in addition to the usual fee, you shall take your choice of the chickens in my bag."

"Good!" exclaimed the landlord; "and if you've no objections, I will take the rest at the usual price."

"Impossible," replied Grover, "I have killed them expressly to give to my neighbours. But the supper."

"In eleven minutes and a quarter," said Boniface, looking at his watch.

Left to himself, Clinton Grover took his dog's head upon his knees, and stroking his neck mechanically, was soon lost in meditation.

He had remained but a short time in this position, when two travellers arrived at the door of the inn. The waiter hastened to take care of their horse and carriage; and to invite them to enter.

"Water him in half an hour, and give him four quarts of oats," said the elder of the two, who was apparently one of those who, at that time, in case of necessity, helped travellers on their way by private conveyance. "Do not unharness him," he continued, "for although he has been driven from Chicago to-day, he has got some half dozen miles farther to go to-night."

"Is it not more than half-a-dozen miles?" asked the younger traveller.

"It is not more than eight, at the farthest," replied his companion.

"Then it seems to me, it is scarcely worth the while to stop."

"You can do as you like about it," said the elder traveller, somewhat sharply; "but as for my horse, he shall go no farther until he has been fed."

"I beg your pardon," returned the other, "I had forgotten the horse in my impatience to get along."

The two now entered the tavern, and Clinton Grover had a fair view of the countenance and figure of each. The younger alone attracted his attention. He was a year or two younger than himself, and possessed of a fine dark eye, a lofty brow, and a slight but well proportioned frame. He entered, and sat down at a short distance from the huntsman.

Clinton, who was somewhat vexed to think that his supper was delayed, continued to pat the neck of his dog without appearing to notice the strangers.

As is often the case, when we least wish for company, two additional travellers arrived just at the time when the landlord was coming to announce that supper for three was ready. As it was his custom to make all his guests sup together, he hastened to order

a few additional preparations, thus causing a second delay, to the great annoyance of Clinton.

The new-comers advanced in the bar-room, and seemed greatly rejoiced at beholding the young traveller who sat opposite Clinton. It appeared that they had become acquainted at Juliet, or on the road between that place and Chicago.

Clinton, who was of a taciturn disposition, remained silent while the four new-comers engaged in a lively conversation. At length the supper was announced.

The table was plentifully spread, but five excellent appetites served greatly to relieve it of its load. The repast ended, the company returned to the bar-room, in which the horse-boy had, in the meantime, been regaling Fido, Clinton's dog, with scraps of venison and poultry.

CHAPTER III.

THE COMBAT.

"Dogs are curious animals," said the young traveller whom we have described, regarding Fido, and at the same time lighting his cigar.

Fido, as if conscious of being the subject of conversation, crept to his master's side and slunk behind his chair, Clinton paid no attention to the remark, but began to make preparations for continuing his journey homeward.

"Curious animals," continued the young man, who was evidently anxious of saying or doing something to gain the approbation of his companions. "By the way, did you ever see a dog smoke?"

"Never!"

"It is a pity; they are the finest smokers in the world. If you would like to see the operation, I promise to make that cur smoke my cigar down to nothing."

"Good!" exclaimed his companions.

Clinton said nothing. The young man began to call Fido, who remained obstinately behind his master's chair; at last he advanced, and took the dog by the ears, and in spite of his resistance dragged him to the centre of the room. Clinton's eyes flashed fire, but he said not a word. As for the young traveller, he had promised his companions a treat, and could not easily retreat.

"He may not like the taste at first," said he, proceeding to place his cigar between Fido's lips, "but I promise you he will soon get used to it."

A cry from Fido—a long, pitiful cry—told that in the struggle he was burned.

"Fido come here," said the hunter in a half-suppressed but decided tone.

The poor dog struggled to get free, but the young man, who had evidently been piqued by Clinton's silence, still held the animal by the ears.

"Young man," said the hunter, pale with suppressed passion, "let my dog come to me—I have called him."

The traveller answered with a sneer. His companions shrunk back, for they saw the storm about to burst.

"Do you hear?" cried Clinton, starting to his feet.

"And what if I do?"

"Then obey!"

The young man loosed the dog, but it was only to advance with a passionate gesture towards the hunter.

"Do you dare to insult me?" he said.

"Do you dare to abuse my dog in my presence?" retorted the other. "By heavens, if you must vent your abuse on something, I am at your service."

The young traveller, pale with passion, but yet calm, regarded Clinton fixedly, folding his arms.

"You shall give me satisfaction for this," he exclaimed.

"As I said before, I am at your service."

"To night?"

"Any time."

"But you have no witnesses—"

"One of your companions will do me that service."

"Be it so!"

In half an hour, all things were arranged. It being the evening, and the use of pistols inconvenient, one of the travellers, who was from the south, suggested the utility of swords. Clinton appeared indifferent: his antagonist, who had learned the use of that weapon, was delighted; and accordingly, a pair of short rapiers was produced from one of the traveller's trunks.

The landlord, pale with excited fear, would have ran out to give the alarm, but one of the travellers took his station at the door to prevent both egress and entrance. Fido, who appeared to understand the whole affair, stood behind his master whining most piteously.

The weapons were placed in the hands of the two antagonists, and the word was given to commence. For half a minute their swords played about each other carelessly, but to no effect, except that the first few passes indicated that both were masters of the weapon.

"Landlord," said Clinton, as calmly as if he were merely practising for exercise, "roast one of the chickens in my bag, for after killing this fellow, I shall want to take a morsel."

"You then expect hard work?" observed the traveller, getting warm.

"On the contrary, as a proof take that!"

Clinton made a rapid thrust, and touched his antagonist's thigh.

"It is nothing—a mere scratch—"

"Only a foretaste of what's to come," interrupted Clinton. "I think you will never teach dogs to smoke any more. By the way, if you have any thing to say to these gentlemen—any last request to make—speak, for I am getting impatient."

The traveller was exasperated by the coolness of his antagonist. He made furious thrusts, which Clinton parried with all imaginably ease.

"Speak," repeated the hunter, "for it is now near eight o'clock—when the clock strikes it will be too late!"

The traveller said not a word, but the foam of rage stood upon his ashy lips, and the sweat of agony started from his brow. A fearful silence ensued, broken only by the sharp report of steel clashing upon steel.

The spectators became excited: the pointers of the clock were near the hour, and they felt that the hunter would keep his word.

The clock struck!

At the first stroke, Clinton made a feint; at the second, he gave the fatal thrust!

The traveller uttered a suppressed cry, and throwing up his arms, fell backward to the ground.

"It is a pity," said Clinton, wiping the sweat from his brow, "but he would have it so! Gentlemen, you are witnesses of my conduct."

"Perfectly honourable!" cried one.

"Admirable," added another.

"Then you will be so good as to excuse me. Send to Juliet immediately for a surgeon, and if there is any help for him, neglect nothing that can be done. Landlord, please to hand me my gun."

The landlord obeyed trembling; and Clinton left the inn.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INTERVIEW AND THE FATAL MESSENGER.

In an hour the hunter was in the presence of Ellen Austin. The two went forth and wandered along the banks of the Des Plaines.

"Ellen," said Clinton, "do you know why I wished to speak with you—why I have led you hither?"

"No—but you are pale—very pale!"

"Well might I be pale, for this night I have committed a horrible deed! Ellen, I have had a quarrel—a foolish quarrel, and I have slain a man!"

"Clinton!" shrieked the poor girl, fainting in his arms—"Heavens! what do you say?"

"I fear I have killed him, and I am come to bid you farewell. You know the penalty."

And Clinton stooped to bathe the brow of the fainting Ellen in the water.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, reviving; "you are then—"

"A murderer, perhaps," interrupted Clinton. "But it was not my fault altogether; he provoked the duel."

"A duel—did you say a duel?"

"Yes; he insulted me, and the consequences followed."

"Oh! you are not then a murderer?"

"The world will not regard me as such, Ellen; but if you do not I am contented! But yet, dear Ellen, we must part! I will escape to St. Louis; whither, if you love me—"

"Oh! Clinton!"

"You will not hesitate to follow in time. Your father will accompany you, for he is a man of honour, and will understand my position. But now let us return to the house, for I must away!"

Clinton pressed her to his heart, then led, or rather carried her to her father's house.

"Farewell!" he murmured, when they were near the door.

"Oh! must we part?" sighed Ellen.

In a burst of tenderness Clinton clasped her to his bosom.

At that moment, a horseman rode furiously by them and thundered at the door. The two were concealed in the shadow of the house, but they heard and saw all that passed.

"What can be the matter?" murmured Ellen.

"Wait a moment and we will see."

Ellen's father appeared at the door.

"Does Mr. Austin live here?" cried the horseman.
"I am he!"

"Mr. Austin, I am come to inform you that a young man at the White Rabbit Inn, calling himself your son, has fought a duel and is now lying at the point of death!"

"God of mercy!" exclaimed the old man, rushing into the house.

"Clinton, Clinton!" sobbed Ellen; "you have killed my brother!"

The girl fainted; the hunter clasped her in his arms, bore her into the house, imprinted a last kiss upon her ashy lips, and rushed wildly from the presence of her astonished parents.

At midnight, when the stars looked coldly down upon the earth, and no sound was heard save the hum of insects and the howl of the prairie-wolf, Clinton was wandering alone over the earth, a fugitive, crushed with remorse and vain regrets.

CHAPTER V.

THE RECOVERY.

Mr. Austin hastened to the inn where lay his wounded son; wounded we say, for Frederick was not dead. Stretched out upon a bed of agony, the anxious father found him, and thanked heaven that he was still alive.

"You are severely hurt?" said Mr. Austin, pressing his hand while tears gathered in his eyes.

"A slight wound—a mere trifle," replied Frederick; and a faint smile played upon his lips.

The surgeon arrived; the wound was pronounced exceedingly dangerous, but not mortal. The old man wept for joy!

On the following morning, Mrs. Austin and Ellen went to visit Frederick. The poor girl had scarcely recovered from the shock of the preceding night, but anxiety for her brother bore her up. She had not yet dared to confess to her parents who was the antagonist of their son, nor could she realize the fearful truth herself.

The travellers had left the inn, but the landlord gave a full relation of the duel, concealing only the name of Clinton. On the arrival of Ellen and her mother, however, he changed his resolution and revealed the whole. At the name of Clinton, Austin started.

"Ah! that explains his conduct of last night," he cried.

"He has fled!" said Ellen, covering her face with her hands.

"And it is well!" exclaimed her father, sternly.

For three weeks, Frederick Austin was unable to leave the inn; but at the end of that time, he was sufficiently recovered to be transported to his father's house.

Still Ellen heard nothing of her absent lover. Her anxiety and grief for his absence, were equalled only by her joy to think that he was not the murderer of her brother. To him, Ellen told all her heart; and when she related many acts of generosity in Clinton, Frederick, who knew by experience that he was brave, openly approved of her choice, and while he

forgave his former antagonist, regretted exceedingly that he had fled where none pursued.

Frederick was soon able to walk about; he and his sister then took short strolls upon the prairie and on the river banks, and ended by prolonging gradually their walks. When the young man had regained his strength, he either went forth alone with his dog and gun, or accompanied by his sister, made short excursions on horseback. It is needless to say that Ellen, like a true maid of the prairie, rode with the utmost grace and ease.

Frederick, notwithstanding the arrogance of which we have seen him guilty, was naturally of a pleasing disposition, generous and obliging. His love of satire and fun sometimes carried him to extremes, and his self-will bordered on insolence; but he had changed somewhat since his recovery, which fact was owing perhaps to the lesson Clinton had taught him at the inn, and the fatal consequences of his presumption.

Two months passed by, and still no news from Clinton Grover reached the ear of the anxious Ellen.

Summer was gone, and autumn, with its chilling frosts, had robbed the prairie of its robe of green. The leaves of the forest had fallen to the ground, and the prairie grass had become withered and sere.

It was on one of those days when the melancholy of autumn is joined to the beauty of summer, that Frederick and his sister rode forth upon the prairie, and excited by the influence of the fresh prairie breeze, unconsciously proceeded several miles from home.

They were upon the broad prairie, which extended far away on every side, undulating and beautiful, although covered with dry and withered grass.

The sun went down before they thought to return; but as evening approached, and the silent prairie became clothed in gloom, they paused with one consent and turned their horses homeward.

They now galloped on at a rapid pace; but night came and they were still far from home.

Night, but not darkness!

Behind them, far away on the prairie, a broad gleam of light appeared—quivering, intense!

The prairie was on fire!

"Heavens!" exclaimed Frederick—"look!"

"The fire!" cried Ellen.

"Yes—the prairie is burning! forward, or we are lost!"

The steeds needed no urging, they bounded away as if conscious of the danger.

The breeze freshened, and the dry grass was consumed like powder in the flames which swept along the earth.

Onward, onward dashed the steeds, bearing their riders swiftly over the prairie; but the flames were behind them, more swift, more furious than they!

Onward, onward still they flew; but the deer bounded by them in his flight, and the fluttering of wings over their heads, told that the birds of the air were more swift than they.

Trembling with fear, Ellen lashed her steed and kept close to her brother's side. Oh! that was a wild spectacle—the prairie illumined by the fierce glare of light, the raging flames, and the cloud of black and dismal smoke, which gave to the canopy of heaven a fearful tint of gloom!

Onward dashed the steeds, but the winds were swifter than they; and the flames were on the wings

of the wind. Already the hot breath of the conflagration swept over them like the Simoon of the desert!

All behind them was a fierce glare of light; all before them was darkness and gloom. Suddenly a faint light was seen upon a distant hill—like a torch held by the hand of man—and it approached, waving to and fro. At last the form of its bearer was indistinctly visible.

"Faster!" cried Frederick, "and we are saved! Heavens! the flames are gaining on us still—faster—faster!"

But to increase their speed was impossible. The crackling flames were already upon them, when the torch which they had seen approaching, was suddenly plunged into the grass a hundred rods before them.

In a moment the flames shot upward, and the form of the stranger was seen, still holding the flaming torch. Frederick and Ellen were between two fires, but the one was fleeing before them, while the other was close—close upon their backs. They saw the form of the stranger already upon the black space which the foremost fire had left, and terrible was their struggle to reach it before overtaken by the flames behind. The smoke rolled over them—the swift flames were already beneath the hoofs of their steeds—they were blinded, suffocated, burned—but they were saved!

The fire before them swept onward—onward—leaving in its track the earth all charred and bare. The flames behind died away at the point where the stranger had plunged his torch into the grass, or swept around them in a broad circle—a circle of raging fire!

Arrived on the black space of ground, the jaded horses staggered and fell exhausted to the earth. Ellen uttered a cry of alarm as her animal reeled beneath her, but as she fell, the stranger—their saviour—caught her in his arms. Feeling herself thrown headlong to the ground, she had closed her eyes; but now she opened them, and they fell upon the countenance of the stranger.

"Clinton!" she exclaimed, and fainted in his arms.

"Ellen! it is indeed you!" murmured the hunter, clasping her to his bosom. "Thank God! thank God!"

"Thank God!" echoed Frederick, "you have saved our lives!"

CHAPTER VI.

CONCLUSION.

Upon hearing a voice behind him, Clinton looked around. By the glare of the flames, the two young men recognized each other!

"Heavens!" exclaimed the hunter, "what do I see?"

"Your friend," cried Frederick, grasping him by the hand.

"Whom I supposed dead—dead by my hand!" murmured Clinton. "Ah! what joy!"

"Indeed, what joy!" echoed Ellen, a faint smile playing upon her lips.

When the excitement and surprise were over, Clinton told his history since the fatal meeting between

him and Ellen's brother, supposing that Frederick was dead, and fearing not only the law but also the hatred of Ellen, he had roamed for weeks over the prairie, spending but little of his time in the towns. At last he became tired of such a life, and resolved to return to the Des Plaines and learn whether he was really the object of hatred he supposed. For several days he lingered about his old house, not daring to discover himself to even his former friends. On the night in question, he sought refuge in the house of a squatter, who had taken up his abode far out upon the prairie. He saw the fire; he waited for it to approach, when he beheld the forms of two persons on horseback between him and the flames. The squatter's house was safe, for it was surrounded by furrowed ground that it was impossible for the fire to reach it; but Clinton remained not there. He seized a torch, and rushing into the midst of the danger, saved the lives of Frederick and his sister.

This recital ended, the three returned to the squatter's hut, Frederick leading the horses, and Ellen leaning upon her lover's arm.

On the following morning they returned to the Des Plaines, which was distant some half-dozen miles, and rejoiced the hearts of Mr. Austin and his wife, who had supposed them lost.

Four weeks from that time, the population on the River Des Plaines, for several miles around, was gathered together at the village church, to witness an imposing ceremony. It was the marriage of Clinton and Ellen! The two antagonists of the White Rabbit became brothers; it is needless to state that their quarrel was never renewed.

"And now," said Ellen, "I beg to know your history, Clinton. I have never questioned you on that point before, but loved you for what you were, not what you might have been."

"You shall be satisfied," returned her husband; "in a few words I will tell you my history."

"I have no family. My mother died when I was very young. I then had a father and a sister left. Five years ago my father died of grief! Would you know the cause? It was my sister's dishonour! A villain from Philadelphia, near which city we lived, won her heart! She fell. She too died in consequence of her error. But her betrayer did not escape! I sought him out—we met! We fought with pistols—a bullet pierced his breast!"

I left my property, which is considerable, in the hands of a friend, and fled with a little ready money to the west. Here I have lived ever since—self-exiled from a place which shame, not the law, forced me to leave. Some have regarded me as a mysterious being—some have shunned me—others, and you are among the number, I trust, have dared to love. Is it not so, dear Ellen?"

The young wife twined her arms about her husband's neck: her eyes, which swam in tenderness, told a tale of the holiest affection. She remembered that the blood upon his hands was excused by the sin that had provoked its shedding, and woman's natural horror of the destruction of life was overcome.

"Then we can live contented and happy!" said the huntsman, clasping her to his bosom. And they have done so. Hard, however, was the early fate of him who, because the law would not punish the libertine, was induced, by society, to handle the weapon of the so-called "man of honour!"



BLENHEIM.

THIS famous seat was the gift of the British nation to the great Duke of Marlborough, as a testimony of gratitude for his public services; it was called Blenheim after his great battle, which has been rendered still more famous by the simple little ballad, by Southey, beginning thus:—

"It was a summer's evening,
Old Gaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun—
And by him sported on the green,
His little grand-child Wilhelmine."

But a poem so well known as this beautiful ballad need not be quoted. The battle has long ceased to be a wonder, the wounds that it caused have long since ceased to give pain, the hearts that it broke have long since ceased to beat, and all the effects of the fight are apparently wiped away; but the house that was built for the conqueror still stands, and is inhabited by a mean-spirited man who bears his name, but is in no manner related to him.

The house is one of the finest in England, and the grounds are of unequalled beauty. The park is about eight miles from Oxford, and you enter it by a grand triumphal arch erected by the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, in honour of her illustrious husband, after his death.

Nothing whatever is seen either of the house or

grounds till you pass through this gate, and the effect is very magnificent, as they burst at once upon you. Dr. Waagen says of Blenheim: "If nothing were to be seen in England but this seat and its treasures of art, there would be no reason to complain of going to this country. The whole is on so grand a scale, that no prince in the world need to be ashamed of it for his summer residence; and at the same time it is a noble monument of gratitude of the English nation to the great Duke of Marlborough."

The architect of Blenheim was Sir John Vanbrugh, the dramatist author, who was the first architect, according to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who made an architectural design with an eye to the pictorial effect of the whole building.

However much he may have admired the exterior, the visitor will hardly have been prepared for the splendid effect of the hall, in which Vanbrugh has shown no small share of poetic genius. It is the most striking entrance hall in England. The impression of magnificence produced on entering the building is fully retained throughout it. The rooms are nobly proportioned, and admirably calculated for the display of princely pomp. The architectural grandeur of the various apartments is abundantly supported by the richness of the furniture and fittings, and the value and beauty of the works of art and *vertù* that adorn them. It is well known that the paintings at Blenheim are among the finest in England.

WHITFIELD.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE survey of human character as a mere object of curious observation, is one of the most interesting pursuits to which the attention can be directed. Whether we consider man in his public or private capacity, whether we regard the general characteristics which are common to the whole race, or devote our attention to the peculiar features which owe their origin to civilization, climate, country, and other similar influences, or again investigate the distinctive peculiarities of individual organization, we are alike interested in our labours, and from them we can scarcely fail to derive positive and permanent advantage. It is a matter of very little consequence, in the discussion of individual character, that the subject of meditation should be taken from any particular station in life, or position in society. Nor is it important that fame should have recorded his deeds in characters of living light. The best of men are sometimes least known and least appreciated, and true worth is equally admirable in a humble as in an exalted sphere. Notoriety does not constitute excellence, nor does distinction always result from desert. Nay, it is a melancholy fact, that of the names which ring in the world's ear, the greater number are more worthy of infamy than of fame.

Signal military exploits attract unbounded attention, and the conqueror of a hard-fought battle is greeted with tumultuous applause. He who has achieved that greatest of all conquests—the victory over himself—is passed by unnoticed, though his influence upon mankind be more beneficial and more extensive than that exerted by the bloodstained hero of a bloody war. Around the latter there is a noisy and tumultuous din of arms, and his true character is obscured by extraneous splendour. Tear off this husk of falsehood and delusion, put aside this fictitious mask of error, anathematize the remainder, and you will not unfrequently find your giant transformed to a pigmy, and that of very ordinary capacity. He sinks at once to his proper level, none the better for the vain and empty trophies which have shed such lustre on his name. Not so the hero of intellectual and spiritual warfare. His sword is of a different metal, and the rust of mendacious gossip seldom obscures its brightness. He wears not the superficial vestments which hang around the gaunt figure of our pigmy, for well he knows how little they will avail in the contest of Truth. His armour is internal—none the less effectual, because imperceptible; his chief trophy consists in the imperishable reality of his own character.

Such a hero was the Rev. George Whitfield, a man in whose character were united those peculiar qualities of head and heart, which alone can constitute the true philanthropist. Of his early life we know but little, and its history would not probably possess that interest which belongs to the years of his manhood. The son of an obscure innkeeper in the shire of Gloucester, and for a long time occupied in those menial offices which necessarily resulted from his parent's business, his sphere of action was by no means calculated to stimulate his energies, or call forth his latent talents. From childhood, however, he was fond of

books, and he early displayed that facility for acquiring information which always exhibits itself in youthful genius. During the short period of his school education, by his proficiency in classical studies, he gained the approbation of his teachers and examiners, and the remarkable oratorical powers which he displayed at the "annual visitations," as certain days of public exhibition were styled, attracted the notice of influential men, at whose instance he was soon after admitted at the University of Oxford. Previous to this time his religious experience had been brief and vacillating. He seems at times to have been interested in the subject, but his general conduct was far from being guided by a conscientious adherence to the principles of right. Indeed, if his subsequent hatred for vice did not lead him, in speaking of his boyhood to exaggerate his own depravity, we must regard him as a youthful reprobate, who atoned for his vicious and mischievous actions, only by close application to the studies prescribed him at school. He could see nothing in the development of his character "from the cradle to manhood," but "a fitness to be damned forever."

His entrance within college walls proved the entrance to a new course of life. His religious impressions were here deepened and extended, and it was not long before his time was completely devoted to the contemplation of life's great realities. The chambers adjacent to his own were occupied by young men who had little sympathy for the views he entertained, and between whom and himself there could be but little communion. They were wild, reckless, dissipated fellows, who affected to despise religion, and who regarded its advocates as madmen and fools. From their society he sedulously dis severed himself, and in the solitude of his own apartment he gave himself up to reflection. The seclusion of academic life enabled him to pursue, without fear of interruption, whatever course his inclination directed. Far removed from metropolitan turmoil, there was little to distract his attention from the subjects that interested him. The halls of instruction, the lecture rooms, the libraries, nay, the very avenues through which he daily wandered, were all consecrated by the memory of those whose lives had been spent in study. His cherished haunts were frequented only by solemn sages, who seemed to be relics of a former age; men who lived in the lore of the past, drawing intellectual sustenance from the ponderous pages of folios blackened by antiquity. An air of gloomy asceticism seemed to pervade these cherished haunts, and under its influence his own mind was drawn away from the knowledge of practical religion, to involve itself in a maze of speculation, from which he found it impossible to extricate himself. He spent much of his time alone, for he could find but few kindred spirits, and he preferred the solitary gloom of the cloister, with the spiritual light of his rubric, to the conversation of those who could not enter into his sympathies and feelings. Becoming more and more engaged in the momentous interests of a future world, he suspended at length his university studies. Text books were

thrown aside, and the writings of Christian fathers soon usurped their place. Over these he poured with monastic perseverance. They revealed to him the history of minds similar in many respects to his own, and comparing the struggles which he endured—the doubts and fears, and forebodings, with which he was harassed—with those described in the works he perused, he indulged the hope that victory would eventually crown his efforts, that he should at length rest from his labours, fully established in faith. As yet he turned not to the Bible. It was to him a sealed book, and so long as the soul places more reliance on the regenerative power of its own efforts than on the revelation of divine wisdom, that soul will inevitably grope in darkness. The Bible is the great fountain from which man must derive the waters of life, and unless they are drawn directly from their source they lose much of their efficacy, for they become mingled with human infirmity. For a long time Whitfield did not see this truth, and his struggling mind, bent on working out its own salvation, tried to find relief by complying with the stern requisitions of Romanism as declared by A'Kempis and Castanza. Perfectly sincere in his spiritual aspirations, he daily devoted himself to the work he had entered upon with redoubled energy. Not satisfied with his "spiritual exercises," though in all probability they were scarcely less severe than those prescribed by the primal Jesuit, he soon commenced the practice of mortifying his body by subjecting it to those austerities which the Romish discipline encourages. Loyola-like, he adopted the severest regimen. His food was of the coarsest nature—his apparel of the plainest sort. His seasons of fasting were very frequent, and they were observed with unwavering strictness. In the coldest nights of winter he would prostrate himself on the frozen ground, and remain there for hours, so lost in the enthusiasm of devotion, as to be insensible to his shivering condition. Nay, "whenever I knelt down," he says, "I felt great pressures both on soul and body, and have often prayed under the weight of them, till the sweat came through me." His outward demonstrations of humility actually rendered him odious to the members of his college. Indigence had compelled him to resort to the expedient of assuming the duties of servitor in the college to which he was attached: but so slovenly did he become in his personal appearance, that many of his employers discharged him from their service simply for this very reason, and his means of maintenance were thereby greatly diminished. He still persisted in his course of fanatical self-martyrdom, but a judgment was in store for him of which he had not thought. His voluntary privations proved more than he could endure, and while strictly observing the fast of Lent, he was attacked by a dangerous disease, which brought him near to the gates of death.

Confined to his bed, and too ill to read, his thoughts at once reverted to the course he had of late pursued. In view, as he thought, of an approaching dissolution, he calmly examined his relations to eternity, and depending no longer on the judgment of men for direction, he gradually succeeded in dispelling the mists of delusion which had so long enveloped his mind. He saw how vain and foolish his own exertions had been, unaided as they were by divine grace, and at length with cheerful submission he bowed to the decision of his conscience, accepting salvation as

it was freely offered through Christ. "God was pleased at length to remove the heavy load, to enable me to lay hold on his dear son by a living faith, and by giving me the spirit of adoption, to seal me, as I humbly hope, even to the day of everlasting redemption."

After a period of nearly two months, his health began to improve. He was soon able to search the Scriptures, and his fervent prayers "over every line and word," were speedily answered by that spiritual peace which passeth all understanding. As he gradually grew stronger he devoted himself more closely to the study of Religion, not indeed as he had studied it before his illness, in the ignorant pride of his own wisdom, striving to build up for himself on the crumbling foundation of his own actions, a fabric that should be imperishable; but in all humility, with inward earnestness, with deep fervour, with hearty faith. His efforts were ere long crowned with some measure of success, and he soon attained to such a knowledge of the truth, as to be able to convey to others that which he himself had learned.

And deep was the need which others felt for the spiritual wealth to which he had now attained. The whole realm had relapsed into an alarming state of spiritual destitution. There seemed to be a lamentable decline in the energy with which the supporters of Religion sustained the cause they had embarked in. Infidelity no longer confined itself to secret places. Its attacks were public and open. The athiest no longer saw fit to conceal his opinions; they became his boast, and so general was the prevalence of loose sentiments, that the writings of eminent authors were full of licentious details. The unqualified grossness of Fielding and Smollett, the coarse allusions of Sterne, clearly indicate the corruption of an age, lost to almost every sentiment of delicacy, while the rebukes of influential divines, uttered rather in a tone of apologetic deprecation, than in that of indignant virtue, seem to signify a degree of profligacy almost too great to be encountered with success. Experimental religion was almost unknown, and even the outward observance of religious forms was fast giving way before the onward march of practical atheism. According to Bishop Butler, men treated Christianity "as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule," deeming it "as it were, by way of reprisals, for having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world."

It was reserved, however, for a few devout spirits, among whom the struggling student of Pembroke stands prominently forth, to become messengers of salvation to a people labouring under such a dreadful laxity of morals and opinions. A little band of "chosen vessels" associated themselves together at Oxford, openly professing to make religion the chief concern of their lives. There were the two Wesleys—Charles the founder—John the most systematic supporter of Methodism; Morgan, Kirkham, Hervey, and Whitfield. Under their guidance and culture, the "new sect" rapidly increased in numbers, and soon began to exercise an important influence on the religious character of the times. Mutual encouragement, assistance, and advice, united effort, and the prospect of great usefulness, eradicated all tendencies to spiritual drowsiness in their ardent minds. The contempt of worldly wise men, and the derision of irreverent scoffers, were showered upon them in abundance, but their pious enthusiasm forbade them to re-

gard it. To them, the fear of God was the beginning of wisdom, and they knew it was characteristic of fools to despise instruction. Their master had been "a man of sorrows," and should they shrink from endurance? He too had been poor and despised, and should they seek for wealth or honour? Mailed in the panoply of Religion, they abjured all fleshly lusts. They stood erect in the dignity of their faith, amid the corruptions and pollutions of an age which knew not God. Scarcely any spectacle more sublime was ever witnessed.

But a wider field than the University afforded, was soon opened before the view of Whitfield. His connection with this "Godly Club," as it was termed by its opponents, rendered him indisposed to devote much of his time to any studies save those of a religious character. The Bible was his constant companion. He read it on his knees, with deep reverence, with intense earnestness. He felt little interest in the lore of heathen philosophers, he saw no beauty in the imagining of heathen poets, he thought not them orators who were eloquent with any fire save that of Religious devotion. In the sublime philosophy of Solomon he had sought true wisdom, and David's harp of solemn sound was to him more full of heavenly music than the lyre of Homer. Paul standing on Mars hill was his model of eloquence, and the rich tones, the fine modulations, the sweet cadences of his own powerful voice, raised as it was in the behalf of truth, not unfrequently proved effectual in making his auditors "tremble," like Phelix of old, before the apostle. Impressed so deeply with his obligations to labour in the cause of Christianity, he left the University, returned to Gloucester, and with fervent prayer devoted himself to his work. At the early age of twenty-one, he was ordained by the bishop, and soon after commenced that course of incessant and prolonged labour, to which history presents no parallel. His philanthropy embracing in its extent the whole human race, allowed him to be no respecter of persons, and if he had prejudices in favour of any class of society, it was certainly not in behalf of those to whom he could look for any personal advantage. He went out at once into the highways and hedges, and among men who would not have heard his voice, had it been raised beneath the gothic arch, he dispensed the words of eternal life, more precious than Oriental wealth. Colliers from Kingswood, weavers from Spitalfield, the vagrants of Bartholemew fair, the sturdy colonists of Georgia, men of all classes and all characters, thronged around his pulpit of rock, some led by curiosity, some in search of amusement, some to receive instruction, some to jest and mock, but all eventually to acknowledge his power, either by close and fixed attention, or by the sudden outbreak of excited emotion, too violent to be repressed.

His first sermon was preached in the church where he had in infancy been baptized, and where he had for the first time received the sacrament. A large audience had assembled to hear the youthful preacher, and no doubt he felt his own insufficiency deeply, as he proceeded to open the scriptures before them. By degrees, however, he warmed into eloquence, and a deep impression was soon evident upon the minds of his hearers. Many of them were fully awakened to the importance of self-examination, and not a few interested themselves deeply in the subject of personal

religion. Complaint was made to the Bishop of the diocese in regard to this sermon, that fifteen individuals had become maniacs under its influence. The good man in reply hoped their madness would continue till the succeeding Sabbath. It was not unfrequently the case that upwards of ten thousand people would assemble to hear his words, and three different sermons, each replete with eloquence, would on the same day attest his power to controul their attention. The scurrilous jests of mocking scoffers, the blasphemous oaths of gross atheists, the trifling conversation of the idly curious would all gradually die away as he proceeded, and a stillness as of the grave would follow his glowing appeal to the heart and the conscience, all being involuntarily compelled to see accurately depicted their own consummate depravity. There seemed to be an unrivalled fascination in his eloquence, impossible to be withstood. Simple and wise, learned and illiterate, seemed by "a sort of spiritual induction," to be wrought up to the same state of frenzied excitement which characterized his whole delivery. The courtier and the courtly dame, the statesman, the philosopher, the man of science, forgot their wonted mannerism, and allowed nature to appear in their actions. A Franklin emptied his pocket of "gold, silver, and all," surprised out of his previous determination to give nothing, by the irresistible warmth of the preacher's appeals. A Bolingbroke wept at his vivid bursts of passion. A Chesterfield yielded to the spell which he could not withstand, and losing himself in the intensity of the excitement, saw but the scene which the preacher described, forgetful alike of preacher and hearers. "The soul of man, unaided by divine light, gropes in darkness, sinks into folly. A blind beggar on a dangerous road, it has not even the dog and string to guide its precarious course. And where is the beggar without his dog? Trusting to his senseless staff, he slowly trudges onward, when lo! on the very verge of the precipice, the trusted staff slips through his fingers, and sinks into the yawning chasm. All unconscious he stoops to recover it, and stumbling on"—"Good God! he is over," and with this exclamation, the excited courtier, who had only watched the imaginary motions of an erring soul, sprang from his seat to afford relief.

It were easy to multiply instances of the remarkable effect of his eloquence. Thousands and tens of thousands, both in his own land and in the colonies, thronged around him whenever his coming was announced, and for thirty-five successive years, all spent in the same laborious round of exertion, he maintained this wonderful ascendancy over the minds of his hearers. They were as little weary of hearing him preach as he was of preaching, and of preaching he never grew weary. Wherever his voice could be heard, it was raised with gladness, and through the whole course of his ministry, it never failed him. It was often a matter of curiosity to many, how he found time to compose his sermons, for except when engaged in preaching, he was constantly travelling from place to place, and amid such associations as precluded all possibility of vigorous mental effort. Excursions to every part of Great Britain, thirteen voyages across the Atlantic, and pilgrimages all over the American continent, left him little time to devote to the composition of discourses. His most animated appeals, his finest and most forcible illustrations, were entirely unpremeditated—they sprang from his lips

like newly ignited sparks—the spontaneous result of that glow of feeling which is ever the parent of eloquence. No other frame of mind could have produced such thoughts. They were simultaneous in conception and delivery. Calm reflection, studious research, and the precise modes of expression, which sound thinkers usually adopt, are too apt to exert a narcotic influence over those to whom such thinkers address themselves, particularly if the audience be miscellaneous, and not composed for the most part of educated men. Whitfield was full of enthusiasm. His temperament was ardent, his nature active; he could not submit to the thralldom which meditation seemed to impose upon his desire of action. And when he did attempt to *reason*, apart from the exciting influences by which he was generally surrounded, his mind seemed to have lost its wonted animation, his energies appeared to have suddenly become dormant. But in the pulpit, he was quickly himself again. The sight of a multitude would rouse his feelings in an instant, and forgetful of all but their eternal relations, he would strive, with all his soul, to make them sensible of their condition. There were no motives of ambition, no love of display, no fondness for distinction, among the inducements that urged him to efforts like this. His words were but the means of transferring emotion from his own breast to the breasts of his auditors, and the language of emotion is always eloquent. The conviction of serious earnestness in the mind of a speaker cannot fail to excite attention. Logical demonstration, however convincing it may be to the thoughtful mind, will often appear tame and dry to a miscellaneous assembly. Pointed allusions, brief yet lively illustrations, concise and forcible expressions, will often involve and lead illiterate men to perceive, recognise and admit a truth, when the soundest argumentation would fail to convince them. Enthusiasm in others awakens enthusiasm in ourselves. The sight of an individual completely absorbed in some mighty undertaking, bending all his energies to the accomplishment of some mighty purpose, is of itself sufficient to interest us in the object for which he labours, and if examination convinces us that the undertaking is a worthy one, the warmth and energy of him who advocates it will be imparted in some measure to ourselves. There is a sympathy among the ardent, that is almost irresistible.

Whitfield was an enthusiast, not indeed of that class who live in a world of dreams, in utter unconsciousness of life's realities. The term enthusiasm may be one of commendation as well as of reproach, and the enthusiasm of Whitfield was natural, not morbid. Though fond of contemplating the glories of a future existence, he never lost sight of this world of care. Imagination may have had the preponderance over reason, in his mind, yet its ascendancy was never complete. His enthusiasm was simply the con-

centration of all his energies for the accomplishment of one great design, and the earnestness with which he laboured, or rather the intensity of emotion which prompted that earnestness, was the great secret of his wonderful success. His perceptions were intuitive. He saw at a single glance truths at which others arrived at a long process of synthetical reasoning. Nor was the vividness of his perceptions at all diminished by their wonderful celerity. He saw everything clearly and fully, and his impressions were rather intensified than obscured by the suddenness of their origin. He was consequently admirably adapted for communicating his own feelings to others. His appeals were always direct, never vague. His shafts were never discharged at random; they were always pointed and aimed expressly. Those who came to break his head found in him the instrument by which their hearts were broken. Those who could not be blinded by passion, or excited by false emotion, were never the last to acknowledge his power. His views of Christianity could scarcely fail to inspire him with enthusiasm in promulgating its truths. He did not regard it as an arbitrary and unnecessary mystery, fitted only to excite emotions of awe and dread, but as a religion founded in the very nature of man, adapted to his wants, and luminous with the light of benevolence infused into it by its great Author and Founder. He considered it as something to be felt, rather than "ignorantly worshipped." He believed that its spirit once realized in the person of the Saviour, was in some measure attainable by all, and as he looked around him and beheld the human faces of self-ruined men, an enthusiastic and benevolent sympathy, not unlike that of him who was "all things to all men," sprang up in his soul, and he became a PREACHER, one who as such has had few if any equals since the days of Paul himself. Without scholarship, without philosophy, without theology—he was "the Prince of English Preachers," and if he transgressed the landmarks of ecclesiastical limitation, and attempted to gain nearer approximations to the Divine character than most men strive to possess, he was manifestly sincere in his aspirations, and his life was but the embodiment of his principles. His mission on earth was a blessed one, alike in its purpose and its effects. He pursued without wavering the course which duty prescribed, and by infusing a new spirit into old forms palsied through neglect, by awakening a spirit of religion in the dead souls of living men, and by effecting all this in the face of obstacles and opposition that might well have appalled him, he established his claim to the title of philanthropist, he proved himself to be one to whom we may look with confidence for instruction, example and guidance. Well were it for the human race, if more of the individuals who compose it possessed his spirit—well for society, if more of its members appreciated his worth.

C. F. S.

VICISSITUDES OF MONARCHS.

DON SEBASTIAN, KING OF PORTUGAL.

"Thy place is filled, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE tempest of revolution is sweeping over the ancient kingdoms of Europe, and crushing in a moment the mighty dynasties which have flourished for ages in the lustre and power of regal authority. Bourbon—the proudest of any—fills no longer the throne of St. Louis; and Hapsburgh and Brandenburg bend before the storm. In times like these, when it has pleased Providence that we should thus witness the most afflicting instances of fallen grandeur in the persons of apparently the most puissant sovereigns, the historical reader will, we think, be gratified by his attention being directed to the Lives of those Princes whose "vicissitudes" have cast the halo of romance around their names, and whose fall so forcibly attests the instability of human greatness. The mightiest monarch, one day on the loftiest pinnacle of his ambition, is, the next, an exile and a suppliant in a foreign land—his past supremacy almost forgotten, and his present lowliness only thought of "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

"This melancholy truth," says Gibbon, "was acknowledged and felt by Severus. Fortune and merit had from an humble station elevated him to the first place among mankind. *He had been all things, as he said himself, and all was of little value.*"

The subject before us is one of striking interest—replete with anecdote and stirring adventure, and suggestive of much serious reflection. For the first in the series we have selected the marvellous history of DON SEBASTIAN, King of Portugal, the details being but imperfectly known, and the narrative remarkable for the unconquerable energy with which the poor Prince strove, though, alas! in vain, to regain the diadem of his ancestors.

Sebastian, King of Portugal, was born in the year 1554, some time after the demise of his father, son to the reigning Sovereign, and was carefully educated by his mother, who was daughter to the celebrated Emperor, Charles V. In 1557, he succeeded his grandfather John III. In 1574 he conceived a design of waging war on the Moors, and having made great preparations for putting his design in execution, landed at Tangier, with a vast army, on the 9th of July, 1578; on the 4th of August, in the same year, he fought the unfortunate battle of Alcacar, in which the Moors were victorious, although they lost their King, who died of a fever, of which he had been long sick, in his litter. After the battle, the Portuguese, missing their Prince, sent to those who were taken prisoners, who sought carefully for his body, which, as many supposed, was found. It had several large wounds, and by reason of the excessive heat of the climate, was already in a state of corruption. However, it was laid in a tent, and the nobility went to see it, but received no kind of satisfaction that it was the body of their King; on the contrary, it was generally thought it was not. Nevertheless, Philip of Spain having demanded it, and, as some report, having

given a vast sum for it, it was at length sent him, and he caused it to be interred with all royal honours at Bethlehem, which stands a mile from Lisbon, and is the usual burying-place of the Portuguese Sovereigns. It is certain that the Portuguese nation in general never credited the story of Sebastian's death, but were so firmly persuaded he was alive, that they readily countenanced two impostors who were hardy enough to assume his name. The first of these was the son of a tile-maker, who was instigated by a priest, styling himself Bishop of Garda, and who took a note of the names of those who bestowed their benefactions upon his disciple, in order to their being repaid when he should be restored. They were quickly apprehended—the priest hanged, and the pretended king sent to the galleys. This happened in the year 1585. The very same year Matthew Alvarez, a native of the island of Tercera, and the son of a stone-cutter, was persuaded to give himself out for King Sebastian. This man was a hermit, who lived in solitude a harmless, inoffensive life. Many of whom he begged, believed they saw in his countenance the features of Don Sebastian; they told him so, but he very honestly answered that he was no king, but a poor hermit. By degrees, however, ambition got the better both of his reason and virtue; he no longer answered as he was wont; but, on the contrary, gave all who interrogated him cause to apprehend that he was really the King. By degrees he permitted them to pay him royal honours, suffered his hand to be kissed, and dined in public; nay, he went so far at last, as to write to the Cardinal Archduke Albert, commanding him to quit his palace, for that he intended to resume the government. Upon this a body of troops being sent against him, his adherents were routed, and himself taken prisoner. His death quickly followed, accompanied with extraordinary marks of severity. He had his right hand cut off, after which he was strangled, and his body quartered. By this means the Spanish government reckoned that a stop would be put to the hopes of pretenders, and to the credulous folly of the Portuguese. In the year 1598, notwithstanding these severities, there went a report that the true Don Sebastian had been seen in Italy. Upon this, one Manuel Antonez, who had served the Cardinal Henry, who succeeded Don Sebastian, declared publicly in Portugal that Sebastian was not killed at the battle of Alcacar, but that himself returned with him into Portugal, and that the King put himself into a religious house in Algarve, there to do penance for his temerity. In vindication of this account he produced an act drawn up in form, under the hand and seal of the holy Father, guardian of that religious house. This affair making a great noise, Manuel Antonez was directed to apply himself to the Court of Spain, which order he obeyed, and having produced his paper to King Philip, was seized, committed to prison, and never heard of more. This new Sebastian appeared

first at Padua, where many pitied and relieved him, upon which directions were sent from Venice, to oblige the person who called himself King of Portugal to retire thence in three days, and in the space of a week to quit the dominions of Venice. He was sick when the order was notified to him, but as soon as he recovered he went to Venice, in order to give an account of himself to the Seignory. The ambassador of Spain instantly applied himself to that Senate, demanding that this impostor should be apprehended, and charging him with many enormous crimes. He was accordingly, in the month of November, thrown into a dungeon, and commissioners appointed to hear what the Spanish ambassador could prove against him, which came at last to nothing at all. He was eight-and-twenty times examined; at first he readily answered all the questions that were asked him concerning the embassies sent to him while he was King of Portugal, the measures he had taken, the letters he had written, and the missions he had made use of. But at last he refused to answer any more questions, addressing himself to his judges in these words:—

“My Lords, I am Sebastian, King of Portugal. I desire you will suffer me to be seen by my subjects; many of them have known and must remember me; many of them have known and conversed with me. If any proof can be offered that I am an impostor, I am content to die; but would you put me to death merely for having preferred you to the rest of the European powers, in seeking refuge in your dominions?” Doctor Sampaso, and other Portuguese, then residing at Venice, solicited earnestly for his being set at liberty; the commissioners informed them, that without a certificate of indubitable authenticity, as to the marks whereby Don Sebastian might be known, they could not set this man at liberty, because they knew their hatred to the Castilians to be such, that, if need were, they would acknowledge a negro to be Don Sebastian. Doctor Sampaso upon this went privately to Lisbon; whence he brought with him to Venice, a canon, and an instrument signed by an apostolic notary, containing an exact account of the marks of Don Sebastian's body; whereupon he renewed his request, which the seignory evaded, alleging that they could not enter into such an inquiry at the request of a private person, but that they were ready to do it, if any of the potentates of Europe interested themselves in the affair. The Portuguese upon this applied themselves to sovereign courts with unwearied diligence. At last, on the 11th of December, the same year, Don Christopher the younger, son of Don Antonio, once King of Portugal, attended by Sebastian Figuera, arrived at Venice, with letters from the States-general and Prince Maurice. A day of audience was now appointed; on which the person calling himself Don Sebastian was seated on the right hand of the Prince, and permitted to deliver his pretensions in writing to the Duke and two hundred senators, who, when they spoke to him, gave him the title of *Illustrissimo*. This was on the Tuesday; on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the council was continued. At ten in the evening of the last-mentioned day, they made their report to the senate, who immediately summoned Don Sebastian before them, to whom they gave the same injunction that he had before received at Padua. While this order, which was in writing, was read, the senators continued standing, while he

who called himself Sebastian sat, and remained covered. When he came out, he would not suffer any one to accompany him to the house where he had first lodged, where he found Roderigo Marquez and Sebastian Figuera, who at first sight of him were extremely surprised. They said he was much changed, but that they were positive he was the King, of which they advised his cousin, Don Christopher, who thereupon ordered he should be conducted to the lodgings of Don John de Castro, which were in a more private part of the city. There he shewed himself to all the Portuguese, observing to them that his person was very remarkable, his whole right side being larger than his left; he measured his arms, legs, and thighs; then kneeling down, he discovered that his right shoulder was higher than his left, by three inches; he showed them the scar of his right eyebrow, and suffered all, who desired, to feel with their fingers a remarkable cleft in his skull. He then showed them that he wanted a tooth on the right side of his lower jaw, which he said had been drawn by Sebastian Nero, his barber; all the rest of his teeth being firm and strong. They would have had him eat, but he refused so to do, it being Friday.

As those who were about him came from different countries, some were habited after the Dutch, some after the Italian, others after the French fashion; one, whose name was Francis Antonio, was in the garb of a pilgrim, with a staff in his hand. Sebastian standing by the fire after continuing a long time silent, at last said with a smile, “*Tanto brage*”—what odd fashions! Upon which, some of the Portuguese nobility, who had been hitherto silent, cried out, that from the manner of pronouncing these words, they knew him to be the king. The second night, notwithstanding that all the passes into the country of the Grisons were secured, he went over into the Terra firma, in the habit of a monk; but when he quitted Padua, he resumed his cloak and sword, took the road to Florence, and was there arrested by order of the Grand Duke. The King of Spain immediately demanded that he should be put into his hands, which the Grand Duke refused to do, justifying himself by the example of the state of Venice. However, the Duke of Savoy, preparing to invade his dominions, he caused Sebastian to be sent to Orbitello, and put into the hands of the Spaniards. The writers in Italy were much divided on this event; some commending the Grand Duke for discouraging an impostor, others alleging that it was a direct breach of faith. He who called himself King of Portugal understood it in this light. He reproached the Grand Duke's officers in the severest terms, adding, when he was delivered to the Spaniards, that he did not doubt but God would punish the House of Medicis for their perfidy towards him. At Naples, he was imprisoned in the Castle de Obo, and as the Portuguese affirm, was locked up in a chamber for three days, without having any sustenance given him, or so much as seeing the face of any person, only a rope and a knife of half a foot long were left in the corner of the room. Sebastian did not make use of either of these remedies, but bore with patience and resignation all the injuries and hardships that were put upon him. The fourth day, the Auditor-General, accompanied with two secretaries, made him a visit. The magistrate told the prisoner in a few words, that provided he laid aside the chimerical style he had hitherto as-

sumed, he might have meat, drink, a convenient lodging, and other accommodation.

"I cannot do that," said he. "I am Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, whose sins have drawn upon him these severe chastisements; I am content to die after what manner you please, but, to deny the truth, that I can never do."

After this he was allowed bread and water for some time, and then five crowns a month, and a servant to attend him.

The Conde de Lemos, at that time Viceroy of Naples, being desirous to see him, he was conducted to the palace, where, entering the hall, and perceiving the Count bareheaded, which happened accidentally, on account of the heat of the weather, he said in a grave and majestic tone,

"Conde de Lemos, be covered."

The spectators being astonished, the Count asked him with some disdain, "by what authority he bid him be covered?"

"By an authority," replied the prisoner, "to which my birth entitled me. But why, Sir, do you pretend not to know me? I remember you very well; my uncle Philip sent you twice to me in Portugal, where you had such and such private conferences with me."

The Count, touched with this discourse, continued some time silent: at last he said to the keeper who was with him,

"Take him away, he is an impostor."

"No, Sir," returned he, "I am the unfortunate King of Portugal, and you know it well. A man of your quality ought, on all occasions, either to be silent or to speak the truth."

While the Conde de Lemos lived, except his imprisonment, Sebastian endured no great hardship; he was allowed to live as he pleased, and was permitted to go to chapel whenever he desired it. He fasted, regularly, Fridays and Saturdays, and, during the whole of Lent, contented himself with herbs and roots; received the sacrament, and went to confession constantly.

The Conde de Lemos was succeeded in his government by his son, who treated Sebastian with great rigour. The Bishop of Reggio was sent to exorcise him (the Spanish ministry, on account of his answers, affecting to believe he was a magician). This prelate, having performed his office with great solemnity, the prisoner drew a little crucifix out of his bosom: "Behold," said he, "the badge of my profession, the standard of that Captain whom, to the last drop of

my blood, I shall serve." On the first day of April, 1602, he was carried from the castle, mounted on an ass, three trumpets sounding before him, and a herald proclaiming these words: "His Most Catholic Majesty hath commanded this man to be led through the streets of Naples with all the marks of ignominy, and then to serve on board the galleys for life, for giving himself out to be Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, whereas, he is a Calabrian." When the herald spoke of calling himself king, he cried out, "And so I am;" when he came to the word Calabrian, the prisoner cried out again, "That is false." After this, he was put on board the galleys, and, for a day or two, chained to the oar; but as soon as they were out of the port, they restored him his own clothes, and treated him like a gentleman. In the month of August, 1602, the galleys came into port St. Lucar, where the Duke and Duchess of Medina Sidonia desired to see the prisoner. When they had conversed together for some time, Sebastian asked the Duke "if he had still the sword which he gave him?"

"I have," replied the Duke, cautiously, "a sword given me by Don Sebastian when he went to Africa, which I keep among other swords presented to me."

"Let them be brought," said the prisoner, "I shall know the sword I gave you."

A servant being sent upon this occasion, returned presently with a dozen. Sebastian having examined them one by one, turned gravely to the Duke, and said, "Sir, my sword is not here." The servant being remanded to bring the rest, as soon as he came with them, Sebastian caught one out of his hand, crying out, "This, Sir, is the sword I gave you." When he came to be put on board the galleys, he said to the Duchess, "Madam, I have nothing to give you now; when I went to Africa, I gave you a ring; if you send for it, I will tell you a secret." The Duchess said, "It was true the King of Portugal had given her a ring," and ordered it to be sent for; when Sebastian saw it, he said, "Press it with your fingers, madam, the jewel may then be taken out, and beneath it you will find my cypher;" which proved to be true. The Duke and Duchess shed tears at his departure. When he took his leave, he said to the Duchess, "Madam, the negro slave who attends you formerly washed my linen." Sebastian was, after this, imprisoned, yet treated with lenity till he died, which happened four years afterwards, always persisting that he was in truth what he gave himself to be.

SONNET

Inscribed to a Volume of Poems presented to a Fair Friend of the Author.

BY A. FELLOE.

[ORIGINAL.]

THOU huge recipient of the immortal mind!
Thou store-house filled with Poesy's conceits!
Majestic thought the raptured vision greets,
And glowing speech thy mental beauties bind
In blest captivity; no joy in life we find
That lifts the soul so far from thoughts of earth,
As when communing with the ennobling themes

Which fill thy wondrous pages. Reason deems
The present moment bright Elysium's birth.
Yet could thy Bards, both old and young, I trow,
Be blest with choice 'twixt never-dying fame,
And sweet remembrance fed from beauty's flame,
Unto the latter chance they'd willing bow,
Could they but see who reads their glories now!



THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH—MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

THE above well engraved view of the Collegiate Church in Manchester, will give our readers an accurate idea of one of the very few ancient buildings in the largest manufacturing city in the world.

The Collegiate Church of Manchester is really a noble building. Founded upwards of four centuries ago, it may well be termed the "Old Church." The De la Warrs, the Stanleys, the Wests, the Radcliffes, and the Byroms, were concerned in defraying the cost of its erection; and the names and arms of these families are to be seen in various parts of the church. The building is in the perpendicular style of pointed architecture, and consists of a nave and two aisles, with transepts, porches, and a richly ornate square tower over the western entrance. Indeed, the decorations generally may be considered as of a beautiful description. The interior, too, with its stained-glass windows, its monumental effigies, its private chapels or oratories, its tabernacle work and tracery in the choir, and its panelled and carved roof, would match with many of the old cathedrals.

Manchester, which has been made so great a city by the manufactories which it contains, was but a small town until within a comparatively recent date.

The rise of property in the town and its neighbourhood, has been equal to the rapid increase in some of our own towns. We talk of England as an old country; but the great towns in it, such as Liverpool, Manchester, and the best part of London, have grown up during the present century like our own commercial cities. As an instance of the rise of real estate in Manchester, Love, the historian of the place, gives the following history of a small piece of land:

"In 1790, a piece of ground, covering 2,400 square yards, was purchased from Sir Oswald Mosley, lord of the manor, for a sum of about £400. Twenty years afterwards it was sold for £5,000; a few years after this it was again sold for £11,000; the last purchaser divided it into two portions, of which he sold one for £8,000; and the other, soon afterwards, for £17,500; making £25,500 in all, or about sixty-fold on the original price! It is as a site for warehouses that ground has become so valuable in that spot."

Similar instances to this might be given in a dozen different towns in this country.

Manchester has a social peculiarity to be found in no other English city. The entire inhabitants of the town dine at one o'clock.

LIVING PICTURES

OF AMERICAN NOTABILITIES, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

NO. 5.

SKETCHED BY A FREE HAND.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

[ORIGINAL.]

SILVAN.—Joy you in fairies and in elves ?

HOUR.—We are of that sort ourselves !

But, Silvan ! say, why do you love

Only to frequent the grove ?

SILVAN.—Life is fullest of content

When delight is innocent.

HOUR.—Pleasure must vary, not be long ;

Come then, let's close, and end the song.

[Old Masque of "The Night and the Hours."]

Sweet interchange

Of river, valley, mountain, wood and plains,

How gladsome once he ranged your native turf.

[Shenstone.]

Ce qui vient de la flute s'en va au tambour.

[French Proverb.]

In the preparation of a critical paper no man ought to indulge in misgivings. We doubt, however, whether any reviewer exists now (or ever did) who has not felt a "perturbed spirit" over the performance of some task which he found was absolutely to be completed whether he would or not. It is useless for any one, however impartial in his general conduct, or unbiassed in the majority of his opinions, to say that at times he has not been tempted by prejudice to swerve from the path of duty which was acknowledged by his conscience. In the event of his yielding to one of these circumstantial temptations, he loses literary caste for life ; his criticisms or expressions of individual opinion are of no more value, but like bank notes once good but now broken, their faces formerly honoured, are looked upon with mingled suspicion and contempt. It therefore behooves a reviewer to watch every sentence that drops from his pen, and that so cautiously that no syllable which does not come from an honest purpose shall be permitted to defile his paper. Were we to permit our personal biases to warp our judgment in the composition of this paper, we might say things outrageously complimentary of CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN. Superlative adulation, even if thoroughly merited, is as detrimental to an individual, however, as extreme dispraise ; so fix it how you will, we can promise to do real justice to our present subject.

It seems to us, that in order to feel satisfied with one's knowledge of a public man, one ought to know how old he is, and where he was born. Before we go further in this task, therefore, we shall take occasion to say that Mr. Hoffman is forty-two years of age, and that his advent into the world took place under favourable auspices, in the city of New York. His parentage, and that of Ogden Hoffman, are the same. His family is one of the oldest and worthiest of the state, and is of the good old Colonial Dutch origin. The circumstances of its members afforded him excellent opportunities for obtaining an education of the first order,

and also threw him into the way of society eminent for being intellectual. A copper coin constantly submitted to the contact of silver, will, in time, get tinged with the appearance, if it do not absorb the qualities, of its precious companion ; and Mr. Hoffman, had he been a copper, must have borrowed at least the semblance of his bright associates. But we cannot liken him to the coin first mentioned. Being silver, like his social companions, he was only improved by intercourse with his own kind, as a diamond is rendered brilliant and polished by a diamond. He commenced the necessary studies of youth at a very early period of life, and had, we believe, mastered Latin before he had lived ten years. When twelve years of age he attempted to leap from a landing upon a steamboat under headway, but missing the floating craft he fell between that and the pier, and received an injury which resulted in the amputation of his right nether limb. Such frightful misfortunes have been known to convert men of generous feelings into cynics, inducing them to withdraw from the world into the gloom of misanthropy, or the chilling atmosphere of hypercritical ill nature. In our subject it produced no such change, not even immediately, but, as we learn, rather exerted an influence of quite a contrary tendency. He was naturally fond of field sports, and after he had recovered from his accident, enjoyed them to an extent which is said, by those who know, to have bordered on the extreme. At Columbia College (from whence he came three years before attaining his majority) he paid more attention to his fishing-rods, gun and other implements of manly sports than to his books, but as he left the institution with honour, that is no business of ours, or his tutors. He took to the law and literature at the same time, and was practising in court and in newspapers before most young men make up their minds as to what calling they will adopt. The chosen medium of conveying his literary productions before the public was the "New York American," a paper which for the high stand it was always observed to

maintain in all relations, should never have been suffered to languish and finally die, for want of patronage.

In a very short time Mr. Hoffman abandoned the law as a permanent profession, and became a newspaper writer altogether. Fifteen years ago newspapers were very different from what they are at present. Now they give us news a little in advance of every thing, and they likewise give slap-dash speculations upon every possible subject, clothed in questionable English, and hastily compiled with little regard for truth. Then all that they contained was the offspring of mature deliberation, and was written in a style that would bear the close scrutiny of a professor. At the period of Mr. Hoffman's *debut* in the gazettes, they employed the best pens in the country, and instead of a synopsis of the doings of a mass meeting, they daily presented an exquisite poem or an able essay. The contributions of Mr. Hoffman to the "American" much enhanced that journal's value, and were among the first of its attractions. He also aided greatly in building up, or contributing to give substance to, the reputation of other publications, among which were the "Mirror," the "Knickerbocker Magazine," and the "New Yorker."

The first work of any pretension that appeared under his name was called "Winter in the West," the facilities for composing which were afforded by a visit to the scenes described, and this visit was made in consequence of ill health. How often that what we consider a great misfortune proves the happiest event of our lives! It was this book that brought our author forward as well in the mother country as in this, and furnished him a foundation upon which to rear future structures. It is a work of vast worth, exhibiting a marvellous deal of descriptive ability, and also uncommon perceptive faculties. It affords a proof of Mr. Hoffman's ready appreciation of character, and is fashioned after a method which betrays tact abundantly artist-like. A living idea of the trackless West—of its characteristic sports and social features—of all its peculiarities, still and animate—may be gleaned from its entertaining pages. While it conveys amusement, it presents instruction in a corresponding degree, a merit which, did it attach to nine of ten of the light volumes of the age, would constitute general reading a source of good, whereas, without the merit aforesaid, types and paper are instruments either of negative power, or of a deal of positive injury.

As a novelist, Mr. Hoffman may take a highly respectable rank, although one by no means as exalted as has been claimed for him by indiscreet *soi-disant* friends. We verily believe that no writer ever existed without making friends who considered him *the* genius of his century. The humble ballad monger, or the obscure penny-a-liner, will attract from his immediate circle a few warm admirers, whose ardent partiality will confuse their minds, and impel them to say things of their idol which to others are the essence of ridicule. Rose trees are doomed to create, and be devoured by, insects and hideous crawling worms, and they are cursed in this precisely as writers are in creating and being blighted by parasites and enthusiastic pains-taking, open-mouthed fools. Give a man half the credit due to him, and he enjoys a chance of thriving in the future, and eventually getting his deserts, because there is a sympathy in human sensibility that thrusts us forward to champion those whom

we consider wronged of what belongs to them; but insist that your favourite author is of the first-class when he is well rewarded by a place in the second, and you rob him of every place whatever with all who know you both. It is better to be well abused than overrated. Many years ago we read Mr. Hoffman's novel, entitled, "Greyslaer." America, as we know, has not been very prolific of novelists, yet among the few she has given birth to is one who stands pre-eminent here, and holds his station where the principal romancists of Europe are pleased to rest contentedly. We mean Cooper. Whatever the cis-atlantic world may choose to think of some particular sentiments professed by this gentleman (to whom, in a paper to come, we will give fitting attention), he must be awarded the unqualified credit of being superior, in his way, to every competitor on his own soil. Nevertheless, there have not been wanting pens (whose performances entitle their controllers to almost unlimited deference) to inform the public that "Greyslaer" is not to be matched even by a novel of Cooper's. This assertion was not received with much faith by the community, although it found a goodly number of readers for the volume it affected. "Greyslaer" has one supreme quality—a pure style. We find this quality in all of Mr. Hoffman's prose. His writings are a little uneven, however, and a practised reviewer can detect place after place where the author's spirit flagged, and he composed carelessly. There are writers whose effusions had better go to the press just as they are first set down, because revision, instead of improving, only impresses them with a disagreeable tone of pedantry and stiffness. Others of the fraternity cannot trust what they write out of their hands with safety, until after they give it *several* careful revisions, one only offering suggestions for another. There are as many varieties of minds as trees. Take two that are well cultivated, and the one will yield fruit much quicker than the other, but the fruit of each can be precisely alike or very nearly so. We judge that Mr. Hoffman belongs to the class of writers to which we first directed attention, viz:—the class whose members profit by permitting their initial impressions to go abroad. In the novel under consideration we can detect occasional delinquencies of the nature alluded to:—these are idiosyncratical, and were they unapparent there would be wanting something to individualise the book as its author's.

"Greyslaer" is, in sooth, a skilful compilation. It is founded upon a melancholy fact—a murder—which allows the author great range for depicting passion, and embodying an intricate, and at the same time delicately developed, train of interesting incident. We like its descriptions of forest and border life, inasmuch as they are natural, and are beautifully told. The whole is, however, modelled after the Cooper and Irving school, and consequently loses half its charm in the absence of complete originality presented in its entire conformation. To say that it requires merit of more than a common kind would be unjust—to call it a first class fiction would be equally apart from truth. There is *je ne sais quoi* about it:—that indescribable, inexpressible something is missing which so few fictions embrace, and which is so requisite to great and enduring fame.

Mr. Hoffman has been, and still is, an indefatigable magazineist. He appears of late to have lost the high ambition to excel independently of emolument,

and to have adapted himself to the every day, common-place wants of the present. We cannot say that he has shot folly on the wing exactly; but very near that. He writes from feeling, not from cool reflection. The result of deliberate study and well digested thought is not perceptible in two thirds of his numerous fugitive articles, prose and verse. This may be nature, but it looks like the work of contingency. Finish, in his prose observable in pages and passages, does not pervade any of his effusions throughout. The most of his poetry is quite deficient in this respect. It reads musically enough—jingles well—sounds faultlessly to the careless ear, but to the reader whose affection for the nicest rules of art is paramount it does nothing of the kind. It is helter-skelter verse; the feet are correctly counted, and the ends of the lines rhyme full; not a half rhyme being found in scarcely any one of his stanzas; but Mr. Hoffman is one of the versifiers who will,—whether in consideration of haste or lack of talent we know not,—sacrifice sense to sound; substance to appearance. He frequently uses words too that are offensive to good taste. For instance, in a poem named "MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON," he talks of travellers "snoozing." Had the expression found a place in a police report in connection with an adventure of one of the *lazzaroni* who make the corporation grounds their beds, it would have been more appropriately used. The poem, which is not divested of many elegant conceits, is a faint echo of Byron, and is just clever enough to induce a regret in the reader that the author, capable of so much good, should neutralise what he *does* possess by aiming at what is so far beyond his reach. Echoes are but echoes after all—deceptive often—startling, so deep is their imitative power—yet intangible and worthless as needs be. One tone from its own source direct, and that source yourself, is better than twenty echoes, even if those echoes are nearly equal to what they are but copies of. In admiring the rainbow how seldom do we cast more than a superficial glance upon its invariable accompaniment, the shadow, yet if the real bow were not set in the Heavens, and its false representative were allowed to appear alone, how many of us would lavish our admiration upon the latter.

Mr. Hoffman is given to the fabrication of queer images; he evidently throws them off from a heated fancy, and never heeds whether they accord with common sense or not. In one of his poems he tells us that

"The night falls chill and gray
Like a drizzling rain on a new made tomb."

The force of this comparison is too abstruse for such a poor comprehension as ours; but perhaps our readers will be fortunate enough to construe it properly, in the spirit which prompted our subject to write it. "TO A BELLE WHO TALKED OF GIVING UP THE WORLD," Mr. Hoffman says:

"You give up the world! why, as well might the sun,
When tired of drinking the dew from the flowers,
While his rays, like young hopes, stealing off one by one,
Die away with the Muezzin's last note from the towers,
Declare that he never would gladden again
With one rosy smile, the young morn in its birth—
But leave weeping Day, with her sorrowful train
Of hours, to grope o'er a pall-cover'd earth."

If the Belle to whom those lines were addressed were a Mahomedan, the stanza is happily conceived, but not otherwise. *Verbum sap.*

In the choice of his subjects for poetry, Mr. Hoffman evinces any but commendable partialities. Love and wassail are the continual, almost the sole, burthens of his song. Amatory poetry requires more talent than any other species. If it be not executed to a certain very lofty pitch, it becomes merely the sentiment of some unprincipled *roué*, or the romantic nonsense of a verdant youth, or the sickening twaddle of a tight-laced consumptive school miss who expects to find a Paul Clifford at her chamber door with a dagger and a faultless moustache to render his love irresistible. Ancient love effusions comprise the entire body of that school of poetry. There is nothing to be written bordering on that line unless it be a dish warmed over and devoid of its original seasoning, or a mere string of hot, enervating, meretricious vulgarity disguised in a model artiste sort of garb. Although the most of Mr. Hoffman's professional attempts in the amatory way are tolerable, yet they are not above mediocrity. Some of them are tinged with grossness—not of a licentious character precisely—ought but poetically excusable. In the first line of a little poem headed "THY NAME" he candidly tells the fair bearer of the cognomen—

"It comes to me when healths go round.

* * * * *

From sparkling song and sally gay,
It comes to steal my heart away."

No lady would be particularly flattered to have her name bandied about at a wine revel. In the days of Knight errantry females were made of sterner stuff, and were proud to have blood as well as wine shed in their honour, but those times have passed away, and with them their customs and the tastes thereupon dependent. Of course, we must weigh the productions of the age by its manners and sentiments. Of his Bacchanalian efforts we can say little that will be flattering. He takes occasion, in a few lines explanatory of "THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS," to denominate that vulgar conglomeration an Olympian invention, quoting a motto from Milton's *Comus* to sanction it. Verses like these comprise nothing to be proud of, and when a reputation for being a poet is made from them, a wonderful change will have been wrought in the machinery of social life, and in the tastes of men of letters.

It is easy to perceive (all thought of *taste* thrown aside) that Mr. Hoffman in the metrical effusions referred to, constantly had Moore in his fancy. We know that this charge has been made ere this, and we know, too, that it has met with more than one prompt and able denial; yet conscience will not permit us to abstain from repeating it. Mr. Hoffman has not only imitated, but actually paraphrased Moore, perhaps without being aware that he did so. We do not imagine that he sat down wilfully to imitate or parody. Man is imitative, and instinctively will endeavour to accomplish that which pleases him most. We have no doubt that Mr. Hoffman can repeat Moore word for word, and we are certain that he admires him. It is not strange then that he should, (unconsciously, we are glad to admit), have spiced his own verses after the fashion of his master.

In the course of his career our subject has published

several pieces of verse that are highly creditable to his heart and head, one of which is the following:

MORNING HYMN.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!" The Eternal spoke,
And from the abyss where darkness rode
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And light around creation flow'd.
The glad earth smiled to see the day,
The first-born day, come blushing in;
The young day smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world untouched by sin.

"Let there be light!" O'er heaven and earth,
The God who first the day-beam pour'd,
Uttered again his fiat forth,
And shed the Gospel's light abroad,
And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
On rich and poor were meant to fall,
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise,
In lonely cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the orient first
Flashes the signal-light for prayer;
Come with the earliest beams that burst
From God's bright throne of glory there.
Come kneel to Him who through the night
Hath watch'd above thy sleeping soul,
To Him whose mercies, like his light,
Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

Here is another that would reflect no shame upon the best of the versifiers:—

WRITTEN IN SPRING-TIME.

Thou wak'st again, O Earth,
From winter's sleep!—
Bursting with voice of mirth
From icy keep;
And, laughing at the sun,
Who hath their freedom won,
Thy waters leap!

Thou wak'st again, O Earth,
Freshly again,
And who by fireside hearth
Now will remain?
Come on thy rosy hours,—
Come on thy buds and flowers,
As when in Eden's bowers
Spring first did reign.
Birds on thy breezes chime
Blithe as in that matin-time,
Their choiring begun:
Earth thou hast many a prime—
Man hath but one.

Thou wak'st again, O Earth!
Freshly and new,
As when at Spring's first birth
First flowerets grew.
Heart! that to earth doth cling,
While boughs are blossoming,
Why wake not too?
Long thou in sloth has lain,
Listening to Love's soft strain—
Wilt thou sleep on?
Playing, thou sluggard hear,

In life no manly part,
Though youth be gone.
Wake! 'tis Spring's quickening breath
Now o'er thee blown;
Wake thee! and ere in death
Pulseless thou slumberest,
Pluck but from Glory's wreath
One leaf alone!

But these are "angel's visits" only, and if they were numerous, they would not give Mr. Hoffman a recognisable lien upon the name and fame of a genuine poet. His so-called poetry is simply a reflection of the real thing. As a verse writer he is merely pleasant. You read and forget him, or if you do not, it is no genius of his that preserves his memory. His verses linger in the ear as the negro melodies of the south whistled about the streets do; not because of their worth, but of their light, common-place, popular nature—their "ten-pound-ten" sort of harmony. We have caught ourself listening with attention to the regular cadences of the hoofs of a horse at full canter, and so have we, this ten years, been accustomed to hearken, with childish interest, to the canter of Mr. Hoffman's rhyme. Popularity is no test of genius, if it were geniuses would be countless. Mr. Hoffman's songs are as popular as any in the language, but, nevertheless, he has no genius for poetry. Albeit no poet, he is a good prose writer, but he will never be a literary magnate;—only one of the greatest of the lesser lights in the firmament of letters. He deserves credit for his industry, and for converting his pen, so far as periodicals go, into an instrument of some service to the local public. He has fought hard and nobly for a copyright law, and he has devoted much labour, and all the talent he possesses, to the entertaining elucidation of important points in our colonial history. He is a sterling republican, and loves his country well enough to make his national affection visible in his articles. He is a clever editor and a respectable reviewer. We believe him to be well read in the best of ancient literature, and thoroughly conversant with all that is worthy belonging to the modern crop. At present he conducts a hebdomadal of high pretension (a reflex of the London "Athenæum") published in New York city, and called the "Literary World." It was originally conducted by Evert A. Duyckink, Esq.

Mr. Hoffman is a gentleman of agreeable manners and appearance; with a fine face and head, and an expressive eye. Science has done all it could to conceal the emasculation rendered necessary by the accident of his boyhood, and a person unacquainted with the fact would suppose that he stood upon two feet of his own. We wish he did so as a poet.

We rejoice that we have concluded.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TIMES OF GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.

NO. I.

[ORIGINAL.]

It is my intention to do justice to the living and the dead; and, in writing these papers, I shall avoid all partizan bias or feeling. I mean to write of Andrew Jackson, the man, the statesman, and soldier, but not of Andrew Jackson the partizan and leader of one of the most powerful parties that ever existed in this country.

The first time I had any intercourse with this celebrated man, was in the year 1821. As I was crossing the *Esplanade*, in the city of Nashville, on a very warm and sultry day in the month of June, I met him near the State House, accompanied by Doctor Bronough, his then military surgeon and friend, and two or three other individuals of eminence. He stopped me, somewhat abruptly, and said to me, "I will thank you, young man, to sign this paper. It is a remonstrance against chartering a score or more of Banks. Come, my young friend, don't hesitate; step over the way to Stephen Cantrell's store, sign it at once, and whatever is to be done, must be done quickly. There's no time to be lost, if we expect to nip these banking swindling schemes in the bud!"

I was half inclined to offer some opposition to the loan of my signature; but, as I was satisfied that the General was right, I did "step over the way to Stephen Cantrell's store;" and then and there signed the remonstrance. The General was very much excited, for he had not found all on whom he called to be pliant to his will; not a few had paused to discuss the merits of the banking question—a question to him at all times, and in all its phases, superlatively odious. When I had recorded my signature, he was pleased to say to me, "you have done that to-day, young gentleman, which will through life redound to your honour!" With this remark, he departed on his mission of remonstrance. He obtained a large number of signatures in the city of Nashville and the adjacent county; and, having prepared himself for any emergency that might occur, he proceeded to Murfreesborough, where the Legislature of Tennessee was in session, and in person presented the remonstrance to the speaker, at the bar of the House of Representatives. He took the liberty to exercise this strange privilege of Parliament, inasmuch as the Freedom of the House had been voted him by an anterior legislature. The odious bank bill was under discussion at the time the remonstrance was presented; and General Jackson took the liberty to present his views on the subject. He denounced it as an abomination, a scheme to swindle and defraud; and, handing up his remonstrance, he stated its nature and contents; and added, if any man voted for the bill then pending, he would be guilty of treason to the trusts confided to him by his constituency, and if indicted, a jury of twelve men would find him guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury.

I was at Murfreesborough at the time this scene transpired, but did not happen to be in the Legislature at the moment. The utmost excitement followed it, as a matter of course; but it was of that

description that produced a death-like silence.* Some moments elapsed before the Assembly recovered itself; when two of its members, Adam Huntsman, and a man named Miller, rose and protested against the action of General Jackson, and the entire proceeding. They protested rather in behalf of the dignity of the Legislative body, whose legitimate functions, they alleged, had been invaded, rather than in defence of the bank bill. Both, however, had ultimate cause to regret the course they had adopted: for the rapidly increasing popularity of the General absorbed every thing and demolished every thing that opposed it. Mr. Miller, I believe, never politically recovered from the shock his conduct provoked; but Mr. Huntsman, by removing to a distant portion of the State, where he ultimately became an advocate of General Jackson's fortunes and political creed, ultimately restored himself, and subsequently reached the American Congress, where he sustained the General's administration, though he professed to be a Judge White man.

Whatever might have been said, or whatever was said, in reference to the bold and somewhat arbitrary course of conduct General Jackson pursued on the occasion in question, it was, beyond all possible doubt, the means of saving Tennessee from the distress, absolute misery, and approximating anarchy, that had already been inflicted on Kentucky and Ohio, by the banking mania that had beset them, and which had already begun to develop itself, in all its blighting consequences and depravity.

In the year 1816, the former State had, by the passing of a single act, established two-and-forty "Independent Banks, as they were called, and planted them in different and remote sections. The further out of the way they could be located, the better it suited the convenience and designs of those who managed them. Several of them were in places that were almost inaccessible. I recollect one of them remarkably well. It was called the Bank of Barbersville, and purported to exist in the town of Barbersville, in Knox County. It had been in operation a few months only, when I became possessed of a *cheque* on it, drawn by Col. Richard M. Johnson, of several hundred dollars. Being anxious to obtain its liquidation, and not being able to negotiate it with any of the banks or bankers "in the settlements," I mounted my horse, and proceeded toward the

* The effect that surprise or astonishment produces is often ludicrous and never equal. It is related that when the news of the escape of Napoleon from the Island of Elba, and of his return to Paris, reached Vienna, it found the Congress of Allied Powers engaged in discussing a project for his more rigid enthrallment. The report of his escape was laid before it by Prince Talleyrand, on the 11th day of March, 1812. It could not be credited, and in speaking on the subject, Sir Walter Scott remarks:—"The astonishing, as well as the sublime, approaches the ludicrous; and, it is a curious physiological fact, that the first news of an event which threatened to abolish all the labours of the Congress of Vienna, seemed so like a trick in a pantomime, that laughter was the first emotion it excited in the bosom of almost every one." The reverse of this untoward merriment was the result of General Jackson's action, on the legislative wisdom of Tennessee.

town of Barbersville. It was, I soon found out, amid the peaks of that part of the Alleghany range of mountains that are known as the Cumberland Ridge; but, on coming within some ten miles of it, I found myself entirely off the legitimate track, for there was nothing but a bridle path, that fed from the main road to the city of Barbersville; and the main road itself would scarcely have been recognized as a road, if the traveller were not assured that such was the fact, by the erection of a public land mark.

After wandering, now this way and that, the better part of a day in this wilderness of the mountains, I accidentally fell into the company of a mountaineer, who with his rifle and his game on his shoulder, was returning to his home, which, he informed me, was in the vicinity of Barbersville. In consideration of a draught from my flask, the man consented to be my guide; and after wandering through a succession of glades, fens that were intersected with occasional ranges of towering cliffs, and deep and scarcely penetrable forests, we reached the city of my search. It contained a log building, occupied as a jail; a grist mill, a tavern, a blacksmith's shop, and a gallows and stocks, and a whipping post. Its entire population might have amounted to thirty or forty, possibly fifty persons,—I was too late when I arrived to attend to any kind of business,—especially, was I behind banking hours, and bank business, and therefore made up my mind to wait till the next morning, ere I attempted to do any thing. In the mean time, I availed myself of a beautiful moonlight night, and a vacant hour, to look at the Elephants of the magnificent city of Barbersville. The first object that awakened my curiosity, was the building occupied by the "President, Directors, and Company of the Bank of Barbersville." I was indebted to the courtesy of the only servant that was in the hotel, for a personal inspection of the *outside* of the edifice. It was composed of round logs, dove-tailed together at the ends, and was, I should think, about fifteen feet long, by six or eight in width, and might have been six or seven feet high. And this was the banking house that had already inundated the State of Kentucky with a series of beautiful bank notes, engraved by Murray, Draper, Fairman, and Company, of every denomination, from one dollar to one thousand. To me, the edifice was an absolute novelty, though it did not seem to awaken the especial wonder of my conductor, the hostler.

The jail was indeed a curiosity, in architecture as well as utility. It was composed of logs, erected on a superstructure and base of the same material, perched at least five-and-twenty feet in the air. It was approached by a ladder, which its keeper put up and took away, as necessity, convenience, or as his caprice dictated. The main door was confined by placing the shaft of a tree, some fifty feet in length, against it, butt-end foremost, while the smaller end rested on the ground. The great weight of the shaft rendered it a formidable means of security and confinement, for it took at least a dozen men to move it. That it did afford abundant means of confinement, was proved by the fact, that at the time I saw it, it contained two incarcerated victims, under sentence of death for murder.

Having seen quite as much of Barbersville as I desired, I went to bed, slept soundly, and the next

morning, at 10 o'clock, I called on Col. Joseph Eve, the President, and Mr. Benjamin Tuggle, the Cashier, of the Bank of Barbersville, and desired them to liquidate the claim I presented.

Col. Joseph Eve was a good looking man, and seemed to be in possession of some of the qualities of civilization; but Mr. Benjamin Tuggle, Cashier, was a very different kind of personage. He was blind of an eye; his face bore definite marks of many a bloody affray; and the haft and hilt of the long bowie knife that protruded from his bosom, made quite an unfavourable impression on my fancy. Col. Eve looked at the cheque I presented, and remarked that although Col. Johnson's claim on the bank was a good one, he could not tell what to do with it, until he had a meeting of the honourable board of directors. To facilitate the object of my visit as rapidly as possible, he said he would call a meeting of that important body at once. Hereupon, Mr. Joseph Eve applied a hunter's horn to his mouth,

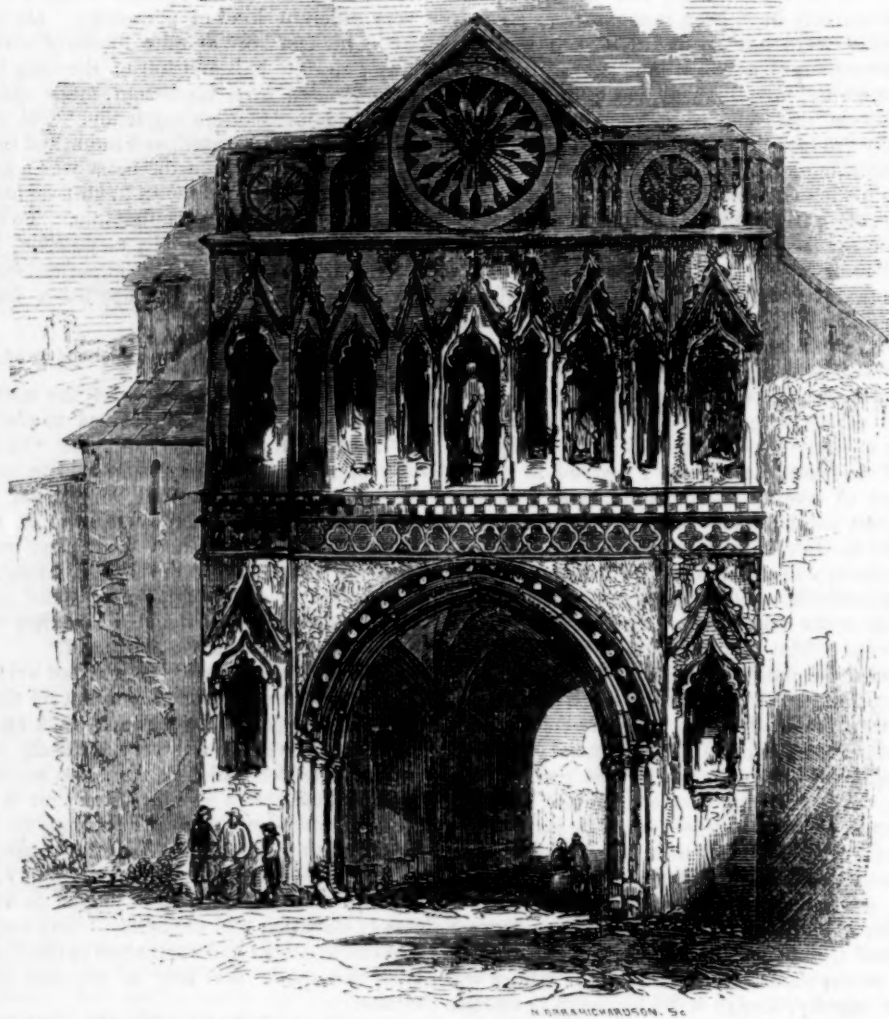
"And blew a blast so loud and dread,"

that it reached the very peaks of the mountains, and summoned the directors to attend to the business of the bank! In all good time, the "twelve" made their appearance. They were clad in hunting shirts and moccasins, and looked very much like twelve men who had no especial aversion to deeds of dreadful note. A conversation took place *inside* of the banking house, which did not last long, before Col. Joseph Eve made his appearance, and informed me that the directory had decided that they could not pay any more cheques for Col. Johnson.

With this annunciation I was not very well pleased, and was proceeding to descant on the inconvenience I had subjected myself to, by making a journey to Barbersville, when I was very decidedly bade to "shut up," by Mr. Benjamin Tuggle, who accompanied the brief mandate with an intimation that if I were not satisfied, and thought proper to grumble, I might find myself strung up to the tallest and strongest sapling that could be found in all Knox County. And, as I was not disposed to submit myself to any such process of elevation and eminence, I very summarily paid what little debts I had contracted in the city of Barbersville, and made the best of my way to the settlements.

This Bank of Barbersville was a fair sample of the two and forty that the Legislature of Kentucky launched into existence, in a single session; and which, after having imposed on the good people, in the short space of six or nine months, some twenty millions of paper promises to pay, and laid the foundation of years of subsequent toil, hardship, and absolute ruin,—gave up the ghost, and cursed Kentucky for a succeeding quarter of a century.

It was to avoid this species of banking, to protect the people of Tennessee and maintain the good credit of the State, that General Jackson took the ultra steps that distinguished him, at Murfreesborough, in the year 1821. Had he not done what was at the time a subject of denunciation, and which has, within the last five years, been made the subject of rude criticism, reproach and castigation, Tennessee would, beyond all doubt, have run into the wild and ruinous excesses of banking that desecrated Kentucky.



ST. ETHELBERT'S GATE—NORWICH, ENGLAND.

NOR the least curious or picturesque of the old architectural appurtenances of the old city of Norwich, are the gateways which lead to the cathedral precincts. The oldest and finest of these is that dedicated to St. Ethelbert, of which we give an engraving. It was constructed by the citizens as part of their atonement for the mischief they did in the great riot of 1272, when among other things they destroyed the Church of St. Ethelbert, which stood on the spot now occupied by the gateway. Over the arch is a chapel, but it has not been used as a place of worship since the Reformation. The lower part, which is the original building, is of stone; the upper part is comparatively recent, and is constructed of black flint, inlaid rather curiously with stone-work. In the spandrels of the arch is sculptured a representation of St. George attacking the dragon. Above this is a series of niches with crocketed canopies. The central

niche is occupied by a defaced statue; the others are blank. The gateway has been greatly injured; it has been recently repaired—but no care is taken to preserve the rich carved work, which the boys of the neighbouring school daily spend a part of their play-hours in pelting with large stones, to the exceeding amusement of the passers by. Erpingham Gate is much inferior as a work of art, but is in far better preservation than St. Ethelbert's Gate. It consists of a very lofty arch, round the mouldings of which are thirty-eight small statues within canopied niches. A statue of the builder, in a kneeling position, is placed over the centre of the gate. Other statues, with animals, flowers, and different figures, are spread over the surface. The gate was erected by Sir Thomas Erpingham, in 1428, as part of the penance enjoined on him for having adopted the principles of Wickliffe.



ROBERT HOLMES.

In another part of our Magazine we have given a sketch, and a portrait of John Mitchell, the Irish patriot, who, for his opposition to monarchical tyranny, is now confined among felons for fourteen wearisome years, if his life should hold out so long, in the convict hulks of Bermuda. The poor man has the consolation of knowing that the world sympathizes with him in his honourable punishment.

Above we give the portrait of the venerable Robert Holmes, the distinguished advocate who defended Mitchell on his trial. Mr. Holmes is himself one of the greatest of the Irish patriots; his whole life has been spent amid struggles with the tyranny of the government of Ireland. He married the sister of Robert Emmet, and suffered persecution in consequence of his relationship to that unfortunate man. Mr. Holmes is now in his 84th year, and is still a hearty, active and vigorous lawyer. His presence in Court as the Counsel of Mitchell, created a good deal of excitement in Dublin, but all his efforts to save his youthful client proved unavailing, for, as he said, the government played with loaded dice. Mr. Holmes is the uncle of Thomas Addis Emmet, Esq., of this city. From an article in the last number of the Dublin University Magazine we

extract the following in relation to this venerable lawyer:

"We do not think the histories of professional men afford a more noble example of difficulties, the most disheartening, overcome by patient determination, and obstacles conquered by sheer dint of indomitable resolution, than is presented by the life of Mr. Holmes. As to his intellectual qualifications, we believe that there can be but one opinion. As a lawyer, thoroughly learned in all the branches of his profession, his mind is clear and logical—more distinguished, perhaps, for the vigorous comprehensiveness of its grasp, than by acuteness; it is, however, by no means deficient in this attribute, so necessary in his profession. He takes a strong common-sense view of questions submitted to him, and his great power consists in putting it in this shape to a jury. No one could listen to one of his arguments for a moment, without the consciousness that they were in the presence of no ordinary man: his propositions are submitted with a clearness and a force which carries conviction home to the minds of even an auditory who are not professional. There is such a simple vigour in all his arguments, and such a lucid arrangement of his facts, one can see at a glance that he 'is a strong man armed,' and one whom it would be a service of danger to provoke."

BORDER BULLETS:

OR, REPORTS FROM THE RIFLE OF AN OLD FRONTIER MAN.

No. 1.

THE SQUATTER'S VENGEANCE.

[ORIGINAL.]

I AM an aged man. Seventy-five years of toil and privation—of stern adventure—of wandering and excitement—have set their mark upon me, and it is but too plainly observable in my shrunken form, wrinkled visage, snow white locks, and tottering limbs. But one organ remains unimpaired to me, and that is my eye. Its lustre is undimmed—its strength undiminished. I can still "sight" a foe to the button, or "look" down the wolf or the bear, and if I cannot gaze on the sun like the eagle, I can watch its course as long as any other man without blenching! My nerves are steady, too, when I bring my long cherished rifle to an aim; but, alas! with the smoke of the powder vanishes the galvanism that sustains them. One other faculty clings to an old frontier man, and never leaves him until the sod of the valley rests upon his bosom, and that is the stoutness of heart requisite to a life of adventure in the wilderness. *That*, for which all who keep it are indebted to a conscience free of taint, never deserted *me*, and to prove it, I shall submit this sketch of fact, with many other records of greater or lesser importance, to the criticism of the public.

I have never lived in cities. The forest—the plain—the prairie—have in turn been my abiding places, and what I know of human nature I have learned by study of myself, of a few books, and of the singular beings whom I have met where nature had not been sullied by the utilitarian hand of what the denizens of cities and towns call, ridiculously enough, improvement. I was born in the log hut of a squatter, (as one who settles upon public lands without paying for them is termed) and rocked in the cradle of independent hardship and of danger. My feet never touched a carpet—save of grass—until I was of age; my ears, up to the same period of life, had never drank in the sound of other music than that which proceeded from a cracked violin, and the *refinements* of aught but the rudest system of civilized existence did not come within my practice. I have, indeed, experienced a fortuitous life. But enough of myself, and to

MY STORY.

It was many years since when I found myself wandering, with all my worldly goods upon my person, in the Ozark Mountains. This range enters three States, and borders the most beautiful wild country on the face of the habitable globe. It is a fearful yet romantic place, that country, in some parts—a conglomeration of deep ravines, frowning crags and precipices, gloomy caverns, and impenetrable woods. The wolf, the elk, the bear, the buffalo, the wild steed, the panther, the antelope, and other quadrupeds roam these regions unmolested, only now and then meeting

a solitary hunter, whose single weapon, though it deals death to some of their number, they scarce notice. There stands thousands of centenarian trees, whose huge trunks, clothed in moss, or *Spanish beard*, have never been disturbed by man's hand; there spread billowy prairies, the limits of which the eye cannot compass; there foam cataracts, and tumble headlong in their unbroken course, or ripple in gentle loveliness, streams varying from the narrow brook-let to the broad, rapid river or frightful torrent. No spot there, not even one of the immense tracts of land which are to be seen frequently, is sterile, for where nothing else that gives token of vegetable life is to be observed, are myriads of vines which bear countless large, blue, luscious grapes, the finest ever tasted. How can the busy hum of herded humanity please any one? What is there to be compared to the wild and uncontrolled sounds of the uncultivated world! What more sublime than its solitude? What more delightful than its rich fragrance and luxuriant bounty? What more inspiring than its grand freedom? Thus I thought as I traversed the Ozark, and seated myself on one of the eminences where the Arkansas river separates the chain and rolls on its way to empty its waters into, and swell the current of, the mighty Mississippi! In my journey through the south-western country, I had relied for my subsistence chiefly upon my skill in hunting. Although I had game in abundance—for birds could be *knocked down* in dozens—and was never at a loss for flesh as well as fowl, I was very hungry—*hungry for bread!* The sight of a "clearing"—a patch of corn, or wheat, or potatoes, therein,—near a snug cabin, was joy indescribable, and I believe the smoke which arose through the rude chimney gave me more pleasure than would the discovery of a gold mine. Who can paint either with pen or pencil, the exstasy which even the greatest lover of Nature's solitude feels, after days of loneliness, he beholds a being of his own *genus*?

It was eight days since human habitation had greeted my vision. I had passed, in a long, adventurous, almost purposeless tramp, through the grounds of six or eight tribes of savages, and many were the stratagems I was obliged to invent, and the hard battles to undergo, to escape the merciless stroke of the stone hatchet, or the more-to-be-feared horrors of Indian captivity. On one occasion I nearly stumbled over the slumbering forms of a large band of red men who lay, like so many pieces of rock, huddled upon the ground; a good imitation of the cry of a wolf brought only one weapon after me, hurled with angry force, by the hand of a savage, whose repose I had all unwittingly disturbed. Such escapes were frequent.

I was on the north side of the Ozark Mountains, at whose feet the Arkansas flowed clearly, its waters swelled by the numerous little tributaries which unchecked came down from the *seirras*. The northern range at this point is Alpine in appearance, and much more elevated than the southern, and as I was inclined to inspect the vicinity to the best advantage, I struggled to the highest peak that was available, the eminence upon which I first took my seat not being lofty enough to command an uninterrupted and desirable survey. The sun was just setting, and having every object in hues of burnished gold, and never had I beheld a view so glorious. It combined every variety of scenery, from the rugged and terrific to the voluptuous and superb. Switzerland, Italy, France, and America were all blended together, forming a picture such as those only who have penetrated the untrodden regions of the New World can ever hope to look upon. The hardy trapper—the rough backwoodsman, who can scarcely understand the language of his native country, when correctly spoken—has as keen an eye for the visible poetry of nature, dear reader, as the *habitué* of royal drawing-rooms. Not even book-education is necessary to the production of a taste for the fine arts, as they are furnished by the hand of the Omnipotent, for with life God bestows inclinations, and there never throbbed a human heart whose pulsations would not quicken, and whose aspirations would not direct themselves towards Heaven at the sudden appearance of the scene then stretched before me. "God is great!" I ejaculated aloud in the words of the Mahomedan.—"God is great—these are his works!" I gazed, abstracted in what I saw, long after the Peruvian emblem of Divinity had vanished down the western horizon, and until the stars studded the firmament, looking like diamonds set in azure. The chill air of the night finally aroused me from my waking reverie, and then I began to think how I could best spend the time until morning. Casting about in search of a sheltered spot whereon to spread my blanket, I soon found one dry, and protected by a plentiful supply of mountain shrubbery. It was on the side of the *Sierra*—on a species of *bench*, as a ledge of flat land in that position is termed, and was partly roofed by a beetling projection of limestone. It was a much better bed chamber than I had often lodged in, so, with a feeling of content, I uttered my customary prayer, and resigned myself to sleep, not without previously making a promise to myself to enjoy the prospect at sunrise. Nothing remarkable occurred during the period of my *bivouac* excepting that, just before daybreak, I fancied I heard a voice speaking my mother tongue. Convinced after listening that I was mistaken, I took another nap, and awoke in time to make my obeisance to His Majesty, the organ of life and light, as his disc frightened away the eastern clouds of chilly looking grey. I performed my ablutions by the aid of a miniature torrent that precipitated itself down towards the river, reloaded my rifle, loosened my knife in its sheath, and, taking up my wallet, struck a path for the opposite side of the mountain, having the evening before gazed abroad from the side which faced the Arkansas. I can scent a trail like an Indian, and I promise you that after seeing the impress of a large moccasin directly before me, I began to reconnoitre. I was positive, from the appearance of the track, (which marked a plain path for me)

that they were not made by the feet of other than a white.

As I had failed to discover, although I had searched anxiously, a tenement, I could but conclude that a fellow wanderer was near at hand. I walked rapidly in the direction of the footprints, hoping to overtake whoever had made them, for they were not a day old. The prospect of finding a companion was more agreeable than the prospect from the mountain, and I followed the trail down towards the valley. It brought me to a little grove, and there I saw that wood had been chopped within twenty-four hours. An old axe handle lay beside a felled sapling, and the moment I beheld it I was assured that a cabin was not far off. Marvelling how I could have missed it when my eye commanded the vast expanse of dale and dingle from above, I continued my pursuit until, a quarter of a mile further, I lost the trail in a rivelet. Nothing daunted, I tied Old Jack (my rifle) upon my shoulders, and forded the stream which reached above my lower ribs, and was rewarded for my toil by again meeting the foot-prints. This time they were accompanied by the tracks of a child, and all about were evidences of the frequent visits here of both parties. A short turn around a green and blossom-covered hill brought me in full sight of a *clearing*. How my heart bounded, and how I thanked the Supreme for pointing the first foot-print out to me! I saw no dwelling until I passed through a patch of new corn which looked strangely neglected. Then, inside a huge "swag,"* I beheld a hut which exhibited some pretensions to superiority. Certainly, it was formed of rough logs notched at each end, and laid one above the other; but they were covered with white-wash, and creeping vines, trained by a hand of taste, partially hid their natural deformity. As I approached close I observed that the grounds were altogether in disorder, and that the place was going to decay. No smoke arose from the orifice which was designed for its outlet, nor were any other signs of life visible. "I shall, perhaps, have a house to myself," said I, "and moreover, be compelled to bury the inmates who have died without aid, it may be, of some illness." I shuddered as these reflections flitted through my mind, but go on I would, so putting my hand upon the latch of the door I entered. My eye instantly rested upon the figure of a man crouched, kangaroo-fashion, upon a chest with half a lid. He was apparently intent only upon watching the air.

"Good morning, friend," said I, courteously.

He made no answer until I laid my hand upon his shoulder. When, without evincing the least surprise or anger, he grumbled—"Good morning—what do you want?"

He was a ticklish looking customer—strong in aspect, having huge limbs, very broad shoulders, and immense depth of chest, and a throat like an ox. He stood six feet in his stockings, as I afterwards ascertained. His face was almost covered with a thick jet black beard, while what could be seen of the skin was of a bluish pallid hue, such as sometimes overspreads the features of a man condemned to death. The eye was sunken and glassy. His clothing was

* "A Swag" is often met with in the Western country. It is a concave spot, sunk in below the level by nature, like a bird's nest of vast proportions set into the soil.—EDITOR.

very good for a squatter; but had evidently remained upon his person many days. I considered a moment before I answered the question of this singular being, who sat there amid the wreck of housekeeping articles more like a chained mastiff than a man.

"I am a wanderer in the wilderness," at length I replied, "and seeing your cabin, the first I have encountered in nearly a fortnight, (for I come from the direction of the source of the Arkansas) I made bold to enter for the purpose of procuring a little rest, and a little information as to the land hereabouts, and also to see a human face or two."

"You like to see faces, eh?" he abruptly inquired, as he changed his posture.

"I do indeed."

"I hate 'em!" he exclaimed in a bitter tone.

"I can't say I do," responded I nervously.

"I don't believe," said he, with a horrible attempt to laugh, "that *my* face pleases you much!" So saying he arose and confronted me. I hardly knew what to answer; and like all men in the same predicament, I only asked another question, which was—

"Why not?"

"Because it has little beauty to commend it, that's all." Here he laughed again in a manner unnatural enough to freeze the blood in one's veins.

"It isn't beauty," I responded, "that makes a face interesting."

"I know," he said gloomily, "'handsome is that handsome does—it's an old saying and a true one.'"

I was then young, and a match for any man single-handed, and I gradually recovered my composure and took a seat, uninvited, on a stool. After a desultory conversation touching the qualities of the land in the vicinity, and concerning the propriety of one like myself fixing my residence there, I asked my queer host for bread, or meal, or a few handfuls of corn. He readily granted the corn, but as for bread or meal, he said he had used neither for a fortnight.

"Come," said I, after a long pause, which my host had only once broken to ask for tobacco, "in a waste like this all men are brothers. You are in trouble, tell me if I can help you."

"Help me?"

"Ay! what perplexes you? your tract is in ruins, your truck-patches are unweeded, and you are evidently in despair."

"And you wish to know why?"

"I do."

"I have lost a friend."

"By death?"

"Exactly."

"A child?" I inquired, remembering the footprints.

"No," he answered hurriedly, and in a husky voice; "my child was stolen by the Indians, two weeks ago."

"Then," said I interrogatively, and in a low tone, "its mother?"

"No," he replied, as tears coursed down his cheeks, "three years since she died *morally* in New Orleans. To bury my grief from the world, I relinquished everything, and came here—*here* where I never see a man. Here I lived with my child, and only one friend who never deserted me, until compelled, two weeks ago, when half a dozen vagrant Cherokees made a descent upon me, and carried the girl off. They killed my friend while he was fighting to save my life. The child will come back, for I have the means of bringing

it, but my poor, dear friend lies buried a hundred yards off. Come, and I will show you his grave."

I followed him to a pretty little nook in the grove, and there, under the shade of two giant white-oaks, saw a new-made grave. New as it was, it bloomed with flowers, and a head-mark (cut from the lid of the chest I had noticed), was embedded at one end; but the inscription was opposite the surface which faced me. I instinctively uncovered—the solitary grave, in such a place, so carefully decorated, and the aspect of the heart-broken man before me, touched me to the quick, and a tear welled up and rolled over my face ere I could control it. The stranger saw it, and grasping my hand, exclaimed—"Thank you!" A volume was embraced in those two words!

"He was very dear to you!" I said, mechanically, when I had recovered from my weakness.

"The only one true to me through life. Did he not die for me?" exclaimed the man, gnashing his teeth, and suddenly assuming a tone of rage.

"May God have mercy on his soul!" I cried, as I turned to go.

"Ah! they say he had no soul! but I *know* better! He had more of a soul than my own kindred." This was uttered in the harshest style, accompanied by a grin of vast sardonic power.

"No soul! We all have souls!" said I.

"No we don't! Live in a city all your best days and you'll find *that* out. I begin to think I have none left. I had one once."

"May I read the inscription on the board?" I asked, "for I presume there is one?"

"Read it—yes; then follow me to the house."

So saying, the man, who was evidently deranged, left me. I went to the head-mark, and to my astonishment read as follows:—The words were well-lettered, apparently with charcoal and water, or some vegetable dye.

"HERE LIES

WHAT IS LEFT OF

MY DOG,

Unlike Man, he was

FAITHFUL TO THE DEATH,

WITHOUT A SELFISH MOTIVE:

GRATEFUL FOR WHAT HE EARNED;

LOVING UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES;

HONEST, AND DEVOID OF ALL CRIME.

He never deserted his master, no matter what his fate. He lived the incarnation of all good human qualities (*if any there be*), and he died of wounds inflicted while he was endeavouring to save my life. If you are as good as he, step lightly here."

A. E. K.

Reader, if you have ever lived in solitude with a dog, brimful of fidelity, you will not smile at this—which *is fact*. I thoroughly appreciated the man's feelings. Misfortunes had driven him to hermitage, and the wrongs of the marauding Cherokees (who hated their soil to be pressed by a white man's sole, and do to this day), had heightened his former misanthropy into the ravings of insane despair. I went back to the cabin in a maze of wonder. I found the stranger sharpening a huge knife.

"What are you about to do?" was my earnest inquiry.

"You shall see," he replied.

"Spare me, a wanderer—homeless, friendless, and penniless—the knowledge of any desperate deed," said I, with something of entreaty in my gestures.

He burst into a loud laugh, and cried, "*Desperate deed!*" the time for *desperate* deeds is over with me. I do everything coolly and deliberately now. "Do not fear," he continued patronizingly, "you will be neither pained nor injured."

I drew from my pocket a Bible, (and I have never travelled without one,) and read to him. He was consoled but not entirely quieted. Insensibly, however, I led him from the contemplation of his wrongs to that of his situation. His entire thought centered on his departed dog, and his abducted child. He was sure of the child's return! This he said with a tone and bearing so full of meaning that I was convinced some mystery was at the bottom of all of which I was cognizant. He did not care whether his clearing went to ruin or not. He was willing to see it swallowed by an earthquake, or sucked down by a whirlpool, it made no difference to him. How would he live? He did not desire to live. What would become of his child? Who would protect her? She was fifteen years of age and able to protect herself. Among savages? Yes—they were more to be depended on, so far as females were concerned, than whites.* Had he formed any idea of the future? He had! Would he tell me? Perhaps, before I went away. I endeavored to lead him to participate in the consolations of religion, but his mind wandered only to return and fix itself upon one point—the death of his dear Newfoundland dog, and the vengeance he would take. To reason with a man in his condition, I argued, would be folly. I soothed him as well as I was able—joined with him in his praises of his dog—and watched him until midnight, when he fell asleep. All the while I had noticed that he possessed some secret he was anxious to impart. As the best method of getting a knowledge of it, I forbore to notice his hints concerning it, and waited patiently until he could willingly and conscientiously reveal the inmost workings of his intellect! At daylight he arose. His mind was more chaotic than it had been previously; that is, on general subjects; but upon one theme it was as calm and collected as he possibly could be. That was his *vengeance*. I crushed some corn and prepared breakfast. After he had taken his share of it he seemed more cheerful. Putting on his hat and taking his pistols, about two hours before meridian, he beckoned me with an important air, to walk with him.

Would that I had not obeyed!

He pioneered the way to a small outhouse, which

I had supposed was the abode of his live stock, and undid the fastenings of the rude but strong door. He pointed the path out to enter. I went in. Oh, what a sight met my eyes! There, upon the damp, sodden earth, which was overrun by slugs, earth-worms, and miniature *centipedes*, lay the bound forms of two wounded Cherokees. The stranger informed me that they had killed his dog, and that he had captured and kept them there.

"I have fed them carefully," he said, "and paid attention to their wounds. They are now well, I think."

"You have done the work of a Christian!" I ejaculated fervently.

"I have!" he exclaimed, while his eye gleamed ferociously.

"You will unbind them, of course," said I inquiringly.

"What, to let them attempt to murder other settlers?"

"This will be a lesson for them, and they will profit by it," I rejoined.

"Ah! you know little of the Cherokee character," said he.

"What, then, shall become of them?"

"Hark ye," he yelled, rather than said, "I gave them time to restore my girl, and they took it. They have communicated with their tribe. Their time was up at midnight—*yet the child is not here.*"

"Well!" I exclaimed, breathlessly.

"I am glad of it! They shall now feel my vengeance. My poor dog's death shall be atoned for. *They die!*"

Saying this, he drew his pistols.

"Madman!" I shouted, "what would you do?"

"*This!*" he cried, and pulling the triggers of his weapons, the wretched Indians lay dead, their brains scattered about the hovel. I—a squatter's son, used to all sorts of fearful scenes—swooned, the murder was so cold blooded. Verily, the SQUATTER had his REVENGE!

I found myself in the house on a rude couch of skins, as carefully bestowed as if I had been a woman. The stranger had disposed of the bodies of his victims.

A week after that—for I dared not leave him—he committed suicide in an unguarded moment with the knife he had sharpened, and I buried him beside his only friend, his dog!

I left the place never to see it again; but they tell me a beautiful town called Van Buren now stands there, and that all memory of the events I have feebly detailed is lost. The child was never found.

T. W. M.

*A fact—EDITOR.

CATHARINE DERMODY'S MARRIAGE.

AN IRISH TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY E. J. S.

[ORIGINAL.]

"The spirit in the end will have its way."—BYRON.

IN a certain parish in the county of Mayo, Ireland, whose name it is not now necessary to remember, there stood some years ago, a large, wealthy and flourishing village; and, the inhabitants being little prone to speculative migrations, there is little doubt but it stands there still, in the same handsome *commanding* position, if it be not the fault either of the exterminating landlords or the potato blight.

Isolated from this village, at a distance of about a furlong, stood the cottage of a rich farmer named William, or as he was generally called, Billy Dermody. The cottage was of narrow dimensions, containing but one small room, besides the kitchen; and it was so low that a man of ordinary size could reach the thatch from the threshold. Nor was it, indeed, any way remarkable for cleanliness; for Billy always made it a point to keep three large pigs one side of the fire. But do not imagine, gentle reader, that this was owing to any lack of house-room for them elsewhere—far from it. Billy had no fewer than half a dozen of out-houses—including barns and stables—some of which were even larger than his dwelling. But his wife, Judy, took it into her head to believe that it was lucky to have the swine under the one roof with the family; and whatever might be Billy's own private opinion, or whatever course he might be inclined to pursue, if left to his own will, he seldom ventured to differ from her; so that she might be looked upon as exercising the functions both of "master and mistress." The appearance, however, of the exterior of the edifice was such as in a great measure to compensate for the defects we have hinted at. Billy purchased as much lime annually about the first of May as was sufficient to give the parts of the wall immediately contiguous to the front door, a whitish appearance. This gave it an air of some importance when seen at a distance; and the more particularly as it occupied quite an elevated position. Then at the rear, adjoining the house, and partly projecting over it, there was a thickly studded little grove of fir and sycamore trees, so that, as has been already intimated, when seen from the thorough-fare, which was only a quarter of a mile distant, it at once suggested to the plebeian stranger, the idea both of wealth and respectability.

Billy had a daughter called Catharine; and, indeed, independently of Catharine's being both young and exceedingly handsome—possessing personal charms of a very high order—her sweet disposition, and general intelligence, would have rendered her an object of interest even in a neighborhood wherein the people were more enlightened, and possessed acuter discrimination than where it was her lot to dwell. Neither Billy nor the wife had ever received any education themselves; and seeing that in this state of "blissful ignorance" they had succeeded in accumulating a considerable amount of property, they set but

very little on book learning. Still they loved their daughter Catharine so devotedly—she being their only child—that they spared no expense to give her as good an education as the schools in that neighborhood could have afforded.

"Well now, Judy, I think it is time that we should be seein' about gettin' Catharine married," said Billy one morning, looking quite seriously and significantly at his spouse. "I know," added he, "the little girl is very young to be sure; but begories, Judy, 'twould be betther to get her married *in time*."

"Yis, when the husband plases *me*, an' not till then," retorted she disdainfully.

* * * * *

Although Catharine Dermody had not reached even "sweet seventeen," she quite agreed with her father that it *was* time for her, at least, to be *thinking* of matrimony. And, owing to her rare attractions and endearing qualities, as well as on account of her father's well known wealth, many were the suitors for her hand from among the young and amorous rustic aspirants of the surrounding parishes. Of this she was fully aware; still it did not alter her demeanor in the least. She always evinced the same spirit of retiring humility—she despised no person either on account of his homely appearance or the slenderness of his pecuniary resources. At least, if any such feeling rose in her breast in relation to any one who sought to conciliate her affections, she good naturedly concealed it so that, in a word, it might have been said of her as of Belinda of old:—

"——— To all her smiles extends,
Oft she rejects but never once offends"

But notwithstanding, there sometimes appeared in her nature a small sprinkling of the coquette. Although, indeed, perhaps a little wilful, but harmless waywardness, were a more appropriate appellation for the little foible we are alluding to. She really loved a young man in the neighbourhood named Richard Raymond, and had, strange to say, conceived this passion for him in her 14th year, while he was 23. She soon became aware that Richard fully reciprocated her passion—she had every reason to know that there was no other one of her sex for whom he cared aught—except indeed in friendship—for Richard was kind hearted and affectionate. Still she always made it a point studiously to conceal from him the fact that she loved him. Indeed, were it not for the frequent interviews which she was in the habit of conceding him, it would have been hard for him to have cherished any hope at all of ever gaining her affections. But there was besides this another favourable omen. Whenever she saw reason to believe that her parents were really determined on getting her married to another, she became more serious and more kind in her conversation and bearing towards Richard. Poor Rich-

ard's spirits then rose almost to the boiling point! For, although he could not at all have flattered himself with the hope of obtaining her from her parents, yet he never dreaded any obstacle that lay in his way half so much as the idea of being rejected by Catharine herself. Nor was she unconscious of the fact. Still, whenever he talked to her with but ill-concealed emotion of the probability which seemed to exist, of her parents being pleased with the particular young man who happened to be just soliciting her hand, her apparently careless and rolicksome answers were calculated rather to confirm, than dispel, his painful apprehensions. And whenever the subject was introduced by her parents she affected the same carelessness—the same indifference—and used all the little art and ingenuity in her power to persuade them that their choice would at any time be also hers.

* * * * *

But another year rolled on from the time Billy Dermody made the above proposition to his wife. Meantime dozens were soliciting the hand of the amiable and wealthy Catharine; but it so happened that when the father was pleased with the suitor the mother was sure to be otherwise, so that out of twenty-five who made formal proposals not one came up to the ideal standard of the crochety old dame. For when a young man was rich he was sure to have an unsightly nose, a protuberant lip, a squinting eye, or bandy legs; and if his beauty and symmetry had been equal to those of the most elegant statue, it were equally useless without "the money!" But at the end of the year poor Richard resolved on leaving his native country. He had been for some months ruminating on this project, and, notwithstanding his having loved Catharine dearer than his own existence—though she was the sole cause of his leaving—yet he had given her no intimation of his intention. He was not, as has been intimated, what Billy Dermody or his wife could have considered a "rich" man, or sufficiently so to render him worthy of their daughter; but he lived respectably as well as comfortably with his mother, upon a farm of good land which they inherited from his father, at a nominal rent, and their dwelling was a neat, slated cottage, not more than half a mile from the residence of his "lady love." We have said that Catharine, and not his pecuniary interests, was the cause of his emigrating. It grieved him beyond endurance to contemplate that he was slighted by the only being he ever loved. He conceived that her unkindness towards him—if such it might be called—was greatly aggravated by the fact that she was always willing to meet him, and did meet and converse with him as frequently as possible. But, however, she heard of his having left the country; and a chillness came over her very heart. In a state of manifest trepidation she made every possible inquiry respecting the fact. Her feelings had so far overcome her natural modesty, as to have induced her to go with ill-concealed and painful anxiety to enquire even of the young man's mother. But all statements agreed in representing him as having taken his departure for some foreign country. What country it was, however, no one could yet tell. Still while her heart bled with sorrow and anguish, she had a lingering, flickering hope, that after all he was not really gone. In this, however, she was soon grievously undeceived. For on the afternoon of the third day after his mysterious departure, her father's servant

maid brought her a letter from the post-office, of which the following is a verbatim copy:

"JUNE, ———"

"CATHARINE,—You have had your triumph over me at last. From my boyhood I have loved you, and with the purest and most intense flame. This is not unknown to yourself—you could not have been ignorant of it. I shall not now, however, say anything to embitter the pleasure which you may possibly feel, in the contemplation of the victory you have gained over my feelings and peace of mind. On the contrary, I only wish that your conscience may not sting you for what you have done. For I freely forgive you. May the Lord do so too! Farewell!"

It were idle to attempt to describe Catharine's feelings while glancing over the above communication. No sooner did she read the first sentence than she grew deadly pale. It went through her whole frame like an electric shock. Another moment and an unusual, an unnatural redness, pervaded her whole features; but this was the forerunner of greater weakness. For in another moment she was lying senseless upon the floor, while every muscle appeared as if sealed forever in death. This happened in the little room referred to above. The father and mother chanced to be in the kitchen. They heard the noise occasioned by her falling on the floor, and had gone to the spot before the maid, who had brought the ill-fated letter, had time to call them. They were of course startled. It was some time before either could speak. And before a question was proposed, the maid held up the letter in her hand and began to make tokens that "*it was the cause.*" For she, as well as another, was so completely startled that she appeared to be really unable to speak.

Billy had the presence of mind to snatch the letter from her hand; and, as neither he nor his mistress could read it, they sent to the village for a man who could do so. He came with all possible expedition. But Catharine had now recovered so far as to be able to sit up. The man, however, had seen the letter before she recovered sufficient consciousness to secure it; and on the first glance he incautiously declared it to be Raymond's handwriting. Besides he had read a few sentences of it aloud, when Mrs. Dermody exclaimed with great indignation: "How dar the blaggard send a letther to my daughter—good chape nor deer?"

"But sure, Judy, they'd be no harm in a letther—a bit o' paper, wid writing on 'ud would do no body any harm, if there was n't sumthin' bad in it. Sure there was pisin in this as sartin as I'm here. It was God Almighty saved the cratur."

"Faith, then, Billy, to my grief I'm afraid she's far from bein' over id yet. Look at her face. But what 'ud make the fellow send pisin to poor Catharine? What did the cratur do to any one to deserve it?"

"Be gorries, it is very curious anyhow," said Billy, shaking his head, and looking quite puzzled. "Arrah, but sure Theady here, will tell us what's in the letther 't any rate."

Here Theady read over the document; but was repeatedly interrupted by Mrs. Dermody in her efforts to comprehend the meaning of every sentence as he went along.

"Arrah, do you see how he talks about lovin' Cath-

arine! Faith that same's not bad! What impudence the fellow has! Now I see what it is,—'tis just a love letter. An' what big words he puts in it? such jaw-breakers! But sure he always was a fool, an' what wondher is it that he'd be one now. But he may bladdher away, what does my Catharine care about his nonsense?

"Well, indeed, mother I *do* care for him; and I LOVE him too. I'll never again deny it. Besides, I don't want to conceal my intention, I never will marry a man but him."

The mother, astounded at this quite unexpected announcement, said anxiously, "Arrah, and what has come over you at all? Would you be mad to think o' marryin' the like o' him, while you can get men that has money in bank? Be me soul 'tis a purty thing for you to think o' the like."

"Well mother; I tell you the truth. Blame me if you will, I *do* love Richard. And my greatest regret is now, that I may never again see him. Oh! the thought makes me shudder! and when I think of my coldness to him my heart shrinks within me."

"By the laws, Billy, if it isn't the will o' God she's out o' her senses!" said the mother, anxiously looking with an expression of painful despair, first at her daughter and then at her husband.

"'Pon my soul I'm afraid o' my life, the blaggard has given her some kind o' a charm," rejoined the husband, in an undertone.

"Arrah, they're in love with each other, and that's all," interposed the man who read the letter.

"Pshaw, nonsense! is id blind she'd be to fall in love wid him. Sure there isn't a nice bone in his body—the miserable ugly cratur."

"Oh! there's something the matther wid her sartinly—I know *that*, Judy. Look at her eyes. Sure, 'tis enough to frighten one to look at her," said her father again, in an under tone.

"Faith, I'm afraid o' my life, some one has left a bad eye on my girl."

"Well if they have, Judy, you know I often tould you not to be puttin' those high fashioned dresses on her. She was handsome enough to make the people be lookin' at her without wearin' such tip-top dresses as them."

"Oh 'twas to come on her any how; there's no use in talkin' about id now. I know what 'ill cure her, never fear, if all the fairies in the parish—the Lord save us! was takin' her away."

"Well, indeed, Judy, only for I had that very thing in my mind, I'd have the best docther in the town wid her long before this."

"A docther!—the docther wouldn't know a hay-perth about the like more than the back o' his head. No, but maybe 'tis to kill her entirely on us h'd do, with his nasty bottles an' his quackery."

"Well but, Judy, which is id better to send for the priest than for ould Peggy beyant in the village?"

"Oh, I think 'tis betther to send for Peggy. The priest could do 'id as well as any Peggy, ov coorse. But you see, Billy, the clargy does n't like to interfere with the fairies at all, good, bad, or indifferent. Besides, it would cost us ten times as much more to bring the priest. Father Pathrick, indeed, is a good soul surely. He doesn't care about money more than jack-stones; but you know we couldn't for the shame o' it but get a great dinner ready for 'm, any how."

"Oh, Peggy 'ill do the work just as well. I hear

that no one that gets a bad eye in the whole country has ever failed her."

"Oh, id bates all how she can do it. Sure every wan in the whole parish is wonderin' at her."

Catharine, who overheard the whole of this colloquy, could not help, notwithstanding her poignant grief, being much amused. Being in the habit of hearing about fairies from her infancy, she had a kind of wavering faith in the existence of such beings. But the idea of her parents believing that they, and not love, were the cause of her illness at present, was what amused her in the midst of her sorrow. However, Peggy was brought; and conscious enough of her own importance, she forthwith entered upon making the charms, to wrest Catharine from the meshes of the "good people," as she devoutly called them. No less than a month passed in the formation of these charms. For when one failed, as appeared evident from Catherine's being still ill and getting rather worse than otherwise, another was then tried. And the old dame, to prevent the patience of Mr. and Mrs. Dermody being exhausted, very plausibly told them she had never in her life had one tenth of the trouble with any other young woman in taking her from the fairies; but this she accounted for, by stating that Catharine's surpassing beauty was the cause of all—that they would sooner by far part with any one of their own tribe, if it were possible to do so, than with her on *that* account. Meantime *she* was not to be bamboozled or trifled with. In the course of another month she was to have taken signal vengeance of the amorous portion of the fairies that were so provokingly obstinate in their endeavours to take Catharine wholly to themselves. A half dozen months passed on, and there was very little improvement apparent in Catharine's health. She still continued pale and delicate. She could seldom be induced to leave the house. She became quite gloomy, and always liked to be alone. At length she got tidings of a letter having arrived from Richard, and immediately proceeded to his mother's house, begging to be informed where he was, and whether there was any possibility of his ever returning. Old Mrs. Raymond begat a fondness for Catharine. She saw evidently she loved her absent son. She was aware she had no inducement to dissemble or pretend love for him if she did not really entertain the passion. Then, who ever obtained her in marriage was sure of a large sum of money; and ultimately the whole of Billy Dermody's wealth was more than likely to fall into his hands. But there was a stronger reason still to cause Mrs. Raymond to wish that a reconciliation were effected between her son and Catharine. In his letter Richard did not conceal but that Catharine Dermody was the cause of his expatriation. He confessed that he loved her with all his heart and soul, and that he could never think of wedding another. Catharine's joy may be easily imagined when Humphrey's letter was shewn her, and when she read in it the sentiments just referred to. From that moment forth she began to cherish the hope that he would yet one day be hers, although in a moment of reflection she again relapsed into despair at the idea that he was so immensely far away. For the heading of the letter showed he was in the unhealthy and distant island of Ceylon.

Now, however, she began to recover apace. And the fairy woman had not yet ceased her attendance.

She was still using her spells and charms ; and hence when it became evident that Catharine was really recovering, she exulted in her pretended triumph over the fairies. Catharine, upon the other hand, saw it might best serve her purpose to have this idea fully impressed upon her parents. Accordingly she strengthened the statements of the old woman as much as possible. She actually gave them to understand that she had seen the fairies, and that their influence over her could only have been destroyed by the greatest assiduity, and at the most imminent risk on the part of the fairy woman. In addition to this she insinuated that she was labouring under aberration of mind when she stated she loved Raymond, an assertion which in consequence of the facts already stated they readily believed.

No sooner did she get an opportunity, after those last mentioned circumstances occurred, than she wrote Richard a lengthened letter, expressing the deepest contrition for the singular conduct she had observed towards him, while in his native village. This soon brought a joyous reply, and henceforth they exchanged communications as frequently as possible.

Thus did six months longer run their tedious course. Meantime negotiations had commenced as briskly as ever with some of the aspirants to Catharine's hand, or rather to her father's purse. At length one entered the list who happened to please both parents. Catharine's consent was asked, but she totally refused. The mother never ceased for a whole week to importune her, until at length she consented, but requested to be allowed six weeks to prepare herself. Meantime her lover was to have been home. Accordingly, to be brief, he did arrive before the termination of a fortnight. He and his beloved soon met. It would be superfluous to speak of the mutual delight which this meeting, after a long separation, and under such exciting circumstances, afforded both ; but however, it was of that thrilling, ecstatic kind which no one who has not been a lover, can imagine.

But at length the time arrived at which she was to have been married to the other young man ; great preparations were being made for the ceremony, and when her parents had heard of the arrival of Richard Raymond, they became the more anxious to have the marriage consummated with his rival. Thence according to previous arrangement, Catharine accompanied by her mother proceeded at once to the next town in order that the former might try upon her, and bring home with her the splendid clothes which had been purchased for her wedding dress, and which had been left at the dressmaker's. Having tried them on, she expressed herself greatly delighted with their beauty ; and having carefully folded them up in a large handkerchief, she requested her mother to allow her to go for a few minutes, in order as she stated, that she might show them to a female friend, who lived in town, and who had been her school-fellow. The old dame consented unhesitatingly ; but directed that she should be back immediately, it being time for them to go home. A half an hour and an hour passed, and there was no appearance of her returning. Night was now approaching—it was getting dark ; and it may easily be conceived that Mrs. Dermody's feelings were not very pleasant, in such circumstances, at least to herself. It was in vain that she ran up and down every street and lane, like a person frantic, inquiring of every one she met for the fair fugitive.

At length she had to give up the pursuit, and come home with the intelligence to her husband. The news quite unmanned him, so that he knew not what to do. Next morning, however, persons were deputed to go in every direction to search for her, but this proved equally fruitless. No one that would inform her parents on the subject, could tell whether she was dead or alive, or what was really the cause of her mysterious absence.

In the midst of this hurlyburly and consternation, who should have made his appearance but the young man to whom she had been promised in marriage, accompanied by a friend. As a matter of course, they were cordially welcomed by the old couple ; and having seated themselves near the fire, Mrs. Dermody was just beginning to tell them the story of Catharine's mysterious absence, when a little boy entered the door, placed a letter in Billy Dermody's hand, and without uttering a word, or remaining a moment, went out again. This circumstance created a sensation. Billy handed the letter to his intended son-in-law, requesting him to read it aloud for them instantly. The young man took it, and began to look over it with an air of much gravity ; and now and again shook his head, meaning that the contents were very important. Mrs. Dermody soon grew impatient and requested that he would at once let her know the purport of the document.

"By Job," said he with a kind of a grin, at the same time scratching his head, and shrugging his shoulders, "this is a curious letter, sure enough ; but the writin', is so very cramp, that I can't make it all out, myself. Arrah then would you Tommy," said he to his companion, at the same time placing the letter in his hand.

Tommy being aware that the intended bridegroom could neither read nor write, could not have refrained from laughing during this exhibition—a circumstance which increased the suspicions and curiosity of the old couple still more. At length, however, he read the contents, which were simply to the effect that Catharine had just been married three days, and was living happily with her husband, Richard Raymond. Her parents received the intelligence rather with a feeling of satisfaction than otherwise, having been apprehensive that she was lost to them forever. But the young man grew deadly pale, and his eyes glared fearfully ; for he, too, had loved Catharine. He remained silent and motionless for several minutes, with his eyes fixed upon the ground beneath him. At length he sprang up as if from a dream, stamped his foot against the floor, while his teeth gnashed with very rage.

"Never mind, Tommy," said he, shaking his head wildly, "I'll be up to Raymond." Without another word he bounded out of the house. In a few days a complete reconciliation was effected between Catharine, her husband and her parents. She received a considerable share, but not the whole, of what her parents had intended as her marriage portion ; so that no two beings could have been more happy than herself and her husband. To compensate for the obscure manner in which the marriage had been solemnized, they now determined on inviting Mr. and Mrs. Dermody, together with some half dozen of other friends, to a sumptuous supper. Accordingly the guests were assembled on the appointed night ; and all was joy and hilarity. At nine o'clock, Richard

went out to the rear of his house, as had been his wont, to see if all the cattle were safe. The sky was perfectly unclouded, and the moon being nearly at its full, shone with unwonted brilliancy, while there was scarcely a zephyr to ripple the glassy surface of the little lake, that lay within some twenty perches of the cottage. But Richard had not been out more than five moments when a tremendous report of a gun-shot was heard, and immediately after the cry of "Oh! I'm murdered."

All now rushed out of the house; but had not gone far, when they discovered Richard, lying prostrate on the ground, and his clothes already covered with

blood! He said, in faint and faltering accents, "Johnny Rielly is the man that murdered me! He has had his revenge. Farewell, Catharine!" These were his last words. We shall not now attempt to describe the effect this frightful spectacle had upon that young and beautiful wife, that loved him with such tenderness. Nor does it seem necessary to mention that the horrible murder was perpetrated by the unfortunate victim's late disappointed rival. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that ere the morning sun arose to witness the awful spectacle, the devoted Catharine had lain stiff and cold on the bottom of the adjoining lake—she had committed suicide!

CALL YE THIS DEATH?

BY CAROLINE C——.

[ORIGINAL.]

A soft sleeping infant lies cradled within

The arms of his mother—how pale is his cheek!

And his blue eyes are closed. Safe from sorrow and sin,

He lies there—oh, why doth the fond mother weep?

Why convulsively clasps she that child to her breast?

As safely it lies as the bird in its nest!

There hath been by that hearth-stone an unwelcome guest;

White robes were upon him, and flowers in his hands;

Yet the mother looked on him with fears in her breast,

Though with smiles, and soft pleadings, before her he stands.

Why with tears looks she on him—why that sighing breath,

Why that anguish, and terror? 'Tis the mighty one, Death!

He has laid his soft hands on that cherished one,

And the child lieth cold, and still in her arms,

The cross on his brow, and the baptism done.

His eyes closed in sleep—robed in terrible charms!

Yet, oh, mother heart-broken, what comfort is given—

Thy beautiful one is God's angel in Heaven!

A youth in his glory lay stretched on the bier;

And the flower in its pride was stricken with blight—

The bravest, the brightest, the loved one, the dear,

Had gone down with grim Death to the caverns of Night!

A dark cloud had spread o'er the path he would run—

He fainted, and fell e'er the race was begun!

The eagle-wing droop'd, for his spirits' aspiring,

Was too strong for the car as it wheel'd through the sky;

Yet the mind that gave glory all its desiring,

Floated on, freed from clay, to the mansions on high!

Why weep, as the earth in the earth ye imprison?

His soul is not here—know ye not, it is risen?

Canandaigua, July, 1848

And man in the pride of his manhood is fallen—

Ye hide up the lifeless within the dark grave;

One stronger than thou in His high strength hath fallen,

And the world with its legions is worthless to save!

And ye lay the proud form away to its slumbering,

And forever and aye, his years have no numbering!

If he led his life humbly, remembering probation

Hath an end—when repentance comes no more to man,

If in virtue he pass'd, as in years, through gradation,

Till he lived as God bids us in mercy's grand plan—

Then go to his grave, and with sorrow and pain,

But give Death not reproaching—your loss is his gain!

Lies the aged with snow-covered head in his coffin,

With Times' marks set thickly all o'er his pale face?

Do ye mourn when he is his life mantle doffing?

Do ye grieve when ye see him no more in his place?

What is Death to the aged and weary? a foe?

See that smile on his lip—and the answer ye know!

What is Death to the Infant? A messenger sent

From Heaven in mercy, to call back the child!

What is Death to the youth? A star that is lent

To guide him back home, e'er he's lost in the wild!

And Death unto manhood! grieve not when the stroke

Falls down on the strong man, so worn with his yoke!

Be not held in bondage your life long with fear

Of Death, but remember, oh, children of men!

That this world is a prelude—that the end is not here,

These are but the first links in eternity's chain!

Live rightly, and calmly thou'lt yield up thy breath

To thy friend God-commission'd—the mighty one, Death!



JOHN MITCHELL.

BY E. J. S.

[ORIGINAL.]

It were impossible to do anything like justice, within the narrow bounds of a magazine article, to the life and character of the distinguished patriot, and brilliant genius, of whom the above portrait is a faithful and striking likeness. We must, therefore, content ourselves with merely glancing at the more prominent traits that have characterized him through all the vicissitudes of his career, but more particularly while advocating the cause of his oppressed and ill-fated country. Mr. Mitchell is the son of a Unitarian Clergyman of Newry, in the county of Down, and province of Ulster, and is now in the 34th year of his age, having been born in the year 1814. His father was a gentleman of considerable talent—one who possessed a deep knowledge of the world—was a shrewd observer of passing events, and who commanded the esteem and respect of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. His mother, upon the other hand, was a lady of a highly cultivated mind—of the finest sensibility, and whose love of country amounted to an ardent passion. We may here

observe, parenthetically, that it is matter of little wonder, that the offspring of such parents should possess the abilities, as well as the *will*, or that indomitable courage which is so essential to the champion of an enslaved people. He received the rudiments of education in his father's house, and, afterwards, when sent to school, his proficiency, both in classical and mathematical learning, soon rendered him the favourite of his teacher. For, combined with a memory which was, like "wax to receive, and marble to retain," he plainly evinced those other inseparable accompaniments of true genius:—

"The wish to know—the endless thirst,
Which even by quenching is awak'd."

It very rarely happens that boys of this exemplary character, do not, by exciting envy, elicit the ill-will of their fellow pupils. But with John Mitchell the case was different; for he was looked upon, rather with a feeling of kindly admiration, than that of envy—a circumstance which was doubtless to be attrib-

ted to his sprightly temper, and mild, conciliatory conduct. It is a remarkable fact, that so early as the age of twelve years, he is represented to have shown a strong predilection in favour of the study of Logic and Composition, and to have excelled in each, even the most experienced of his fellow pupils. While yet a mere boy he was taken from school, and apprenticed to an eminent solicitor in the neighbourhood, and soon afforded unmistakable evidence that he possessed forensic abilities of a very high order. No sooner did he make his *debut*, as a solicitor, in his native county, than he gained the confidence of the public, and consequently got immediately into very extensive practice—at the same time eliciting the esteem and respect of his brethren in the profession; so that in a short time he became partner in the firm of Mitchell and Frazer, solicitors of Newry. It is worthy of remark that while thus studying the dry technicalities of law, he did not forget to cultivate his literary talents. At his leisure hours he wrote pieces, both in prose and verse, for some of the local newspapers, but principally for the "Belfast Vindicator," which was at this time ably conducted by Mr. Gavin Duffy, the present proprietor of the "Nation" newspaper. Even then, when comparatively a novice in literature, his productions were distinguished by a degree of raciness, energy, and originality, which showed that the pen which produced them was far above the ordinary standard; and they were equally remarkable for that noble spirit of patriotism, and that bursting feeling of indignation towards the oppressors of his country, which, we need hardly say, have continued to be his ruling passion. We must here pause to refer to an event, which is far too interesting to pass unnoticed—we mean his marriage, at the age of seventeen, to a highly accomplished and interesting young lady—the niece of Colonel Sir William Verner, M. P.—one of the greatest Orangemen in Ireland, and of the warmest advocates for what is called "British connection," but what *is*, in reality, Irish thralldom. It might be expected that such a union would produce a chilling influence upon the patriotism of the young lawyer; but his amiable young wife loved him with far too much tenderness to thwart him in any sense of the term—nay, but on the contrary, she became herself, in a short time, quite as devoted as he to her country, and begat as deep a hatred to its oppressors, as is compatible with the natural softness of woman's heart.

A short time subsequent to his marriage he went to live with his beloved wife to the town of Banbridge, within nine or ten miles of Newry, where he possessed not only all the necessaries but most of the luxuries of life. In this locality he soon, by the profits of his profession alone, became master of from £500 to £700 a year. His practice was still becoming more and more extensive, while his reputation and wealth were making equal progress until the beginning of the year 1843, when Mr. Duffy had launched into existence, in the city of Dublin, that powerful advocate of the People's rights—the "Nation" newspaper, and sought to bring to bear upon it all the available Irish first class talent which it would be possible for him to command.

Mr. Mitchell, notwithstanding his unprecedented success, and brilliant prospects in his profession, was one of the first to tender his services for this great and arduous undertaking, and, with Thomas Davis and Thomas McNevin as his colleagues (both of whom

are now, to the inexpressible loss of their country, and the deep regret of all who knew them, mixing with kindred dust!) he immediately entered upon the stormy sea of politics. It is due to justice and to his character to remark here, that he could have had no object in taking this step but the regeneration of his country, and no motive but his devoted love for it. The well known fact, that his yearly profits as a lawyer, far exceeded the salary he was to have received from Mr. Duffy as a writer for the Nation, sufficiently demonstrates that he was not actuated by the slightest feeling of selfishness in relinquishing his profession. Away, then, with the vile calumnies of those heartless enemies of Ireland, and of Freedom, who would endeavour to tarnish his fair fame, by branding him with the name of a "selfish adventurer."

But to recur to our narrative—such were the transcendent abilities of each of those three young men—Mitchell, Davis, and McNevin,—as political writers, both in prose and verse, that it was long a matter of dispute, between their mutual friends and admirers, as to which deserved the palm for superiority. But as it would be foreign to our purpose to enter upon any thing like an examination of their respective merits, we shall content ourselves by merely observing on this point, that Mr. Mitchell being always a man of retiring habits and extreme modesty, he seldom, until very recently, took any part in public speaking; but confined himself, almost exclusively, to the writing desk, and hence was known as a man of genius and talent, only to his own personal friends and acquaintances.

Thus, in comparative obscurity, but with the greatest devotion and energy, did he continue through all the political vicissitudes that marked the eventful period between the years 1843, and the present—in relation to the Repeal of the Union—to perform his duty to Mr. Duffy, and his country, unawed by power, and undaunted by threats or danger. When Mr. O'Connell and his fellow traversers were brought to trial for "sedition," and when some of the songs and articles which had been published in the "Nation" were adduced as evidence against them,—when all Ireland looked on, and awaited the issue with apprehension and dismay—when even Mr. O'Connell himself cowered before the power that stood arrayed against him, Mr. Mitchell still continued to hurl his scathing denunciations at the British Government. The same strength and force of thought, the same power of argument, and the same burning indignation towards England, pervaded every one of his articles; so that in a short time his productions were known, as soon as read, even by the most careless of the readers of the "Nation." It was, in consequence, taken for granted by the public that he was the author of the celebrated article which appeared in that journal in 1846—which, in reply to an insulting one in the London "Morning Herald," suggested to the people the possibility of destroying the railroads, and of making the iron rails available against the British troops. It will be in the recollection of most of our readers, that the government instituted a prosecution against Mr. Duffy for having published in his paper this powerfully written article; and he only escaped being ruined, by the mere accidental circumstance of the jury having failed to agree as to his guilt—there being, as well as we can now remember, nine for a verdict of guilty, while there were only three who sought his acquittal.

Mr. Duffy now began to consider that "prudence was the better part of valour," and accordingly began to prune Mr. Mitchell's articles of their "sedition"—to suppress all that seemed objectionable, and to admit into his columns only such parts, or such whole articles, as he conceived would not involve him within the meshes of the law. Mr. Mitchell did not long submit to this indignity; for as the poet has truly, though humorously said:—

"Genius swells, more strong and clear,
When close confined—like bottled beer."

But after repeated remonstrances, many of which were published in the newspapers, he at length withdrew, altogether, from the "Nation," and after an incredibly short interval, he presented to the world the "United Irishmen," of which he was himself the editor and sole proprietor. No sooner did the prospectus of this journal appear—the avowed object of which was to evoke a new spirit and create a new mind in Ireland—than it was predicted by all,—friends as well as foes—that the government would exercise all its influence to crush it. It is a remarkable fact that Mr. Mitchell himself predicted the same, in the very first number of his paper which he published. Still he was not to be intimidated, but pursued the course he had prescribed to himself—totally regardless of the consequences, which he knew it would be almost certain to entail upon him—and the more he was threatened by the government—the more preparations he saw them making for assailing him, the more bold and withering were his denunciations, the more dignified and scornful was his language of defiance, and the more powerful and persuasive were his stimulating appeals to his oppressed countrymen; so that like the gallant war steed he might be said to have rushed forward upon the spear that was ready to receive his breast!

The circumstances connected with his trial (or rather with his conviction, for it was a mockery both

of law and justice,) are so recent and so fresh in the minds of our readers, that it would be idle superfluity to be adverting to them here; suffice it to say, therefore, that a greater piece of tyranny could not have been enacted by the most arbitrary despot; a greater insult could not have been given to any people. There have been many popular leaders who have evinced a good deal of daring and courage (if the latter might be so called) until they have seen themselves about being brought to an account for their actions, and who have then ignobly submitted. But how different has been the conduct of Mr. Mitchell! a man who has denounced the Judges on the Bench, with "words that burn"—while, like a criminal, awaiting his doom at their hands! Nor should we wonder at this heroic boldness, even supposing we had no knowledge of his general character; for there is no person who has any faith in Phrenology, and possesses the least knowledge of that interesting science, but would immediately know, on merely glancing at his manly countenance, and head, that he is endowed with great firmness, resolution, and courage.

We find we have already gone beyond the bounds which we had prescribed to ourselves for this outline, but cannot, notwithstanding, conclude without again adverting to the vengeful tyranny of that government, which has torn from his youthful wife and his five children—from his affectionate mother—his loving brother—his three aimable sisters—his hundreds of friends and acquaintances—nay, from the people of Ireland at large,—a generous man, a brilliant genius, and a noble patriot, and sent him chained like a sheep-stealer or a murderer, to a penal settlement! while it may be said of unfortunate Ireland—the dear country which it was his highest aspirations to save:

"The Niobe of Nations! there she stands,
* * * * * Crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago!"

FAITH.

BY CAROLINE C——.

[ORIGINAL.]

I saw one standing front to front with Death;
His form was tottering—palsied was his tongue—
That voice had spoken, which to all life saith
Once, and decisively, "Thy race is run!"

I watched to see the trembling of the limbs,
The quailing of the eye—the groan of fear;
I watched in vain—and something seemed to say,
"Look not for shrinking and for terror here!"

For a calm light was in the uprais'd eye,
A holiness e'en in the thin white hair,
A trustful, loving smile upon the lips,
A grace and beauty, e'en as childhood's fair.

In the meek bending of the aged head,
Which stoop'd so lovingly to kiss the rod
And angel-music in the low faint tones,
Breathing, "Come, my Redeemer, and my God!"

Canandaigua, July, 1848.

Thoughts of this hour had bent his youthful feet
Toward the arms of the protecting Cross!
Thoughts of this hour in manhood made him spurn
The world's allurements, and its shining dross!

Thoughts of this hour thro' all his lengthened life,
Strengthen'd, upheld him, in the cause of right;
Through sorrow, and temptation, and distress—
Steadfast he walked—it was by Faith—not sight!

God had been with him while he travelled on,
And God was with him at his journey's end;
Therefore, he stood in calmness, and in peace,
Waiting for Him the hiding veil to rend!

And in that moment, as a dream forgot,
Was the remembrance of all past time;
One thought, one hope, one prayer was in my heart—
"Oh, righteous man, as thy death may be mine!"

QUACKERY AND THE QUACKED.

SOCIETY at large has been so often likened to an individual being, that the comparison has become almost vulgar. In many points, however, the simile is undoubtedly correct. In one respect it is unquestionably so. When any person looks back upon his past life (often no very pleasant retrospect), memory pictures to him many follies which he has committed, many absurd opinions which he has entertained—the why and the wherefore of which he cannot for his life account for. He knows that he did them, but he marvels what possessed him to do so; and he knows that he believed such and such doctrines, and he is astonished at his past credulity. In like manner, when we look back upon the past career of society, either national or universal, we behold similar absurdities which it has committed, and for the commission of which it is difficult to assign a reason. To be sure many false steps and erroneous opinions, if indeed not all, evidently depend upon the same cause—an indulgence in ignorance, and its invariable accompaniment, self-conceit. It is the old tale of Phæton and the sun. We want to drive the sun's chariot—we are determined to do it, and we don't know how.

A history of the follies and absurdities committed even by English society, if but for the last half-dozen generations, would be one of the most instructive and entertaining books ever written. What pictures would pass before the mind of its writer!—Anti-Dissent mobs, Gordon mobs, anti-Church mobs, South Sea schemes, military expeditions, Reform riots, meetings in conventicles, assemblages of Ranters, Joanna Southcott and her milk-white ass! But the catalogue is endless. One conclusion, however, that the philosophic reader of it would come to is, that bad as were the times of our ancestors in this respect, those of ourselves are not one whit better; and for this he might console himself with the reflection that those of our descendants will be just as bad. Ignorance, and conceit, and folly, and error, have had much to do with the management of the world for five thousand long years; and if the crazy old orb keeps together as long, they bid fair to maintain their hold for five thousand long years more. The varying manner, however, in which they guide their votaries is very curious.

Thus, our forefathers lived in dread of being bewitched; they feared secret and slow poisoning; they attributed to certain charms and remedies most potent and absurd virtues; they put faith in the divining rod, believed in the transmutation of metals, and dreamed of the *elixir vitæ*. Their quackery in disease was different from ours. But we do quack as much, nay more, than they did. Like as in their time, the greater part of even our educated population is ignorant of the principles of medicine. It is not, however, any less conceited than in former times, and is quite determined upon dosing and treating sickness. Hence, as of old, the land is full of quacks and quackery.

The patent medicines constitute the lowest and most vulgar form of quackery. Of these, and of their wonderful properties, the newspapers are full. Most of them profess to cure every disease in the nosology,

beginning with that bugbear bile, and ending with consumption.

Numerous as are these patent medicines, they are, in fact, almost identical in composition. They are simply purgative pills, very analogous to the colocynth or compound rhubarb pills of the druggists' shops. Now purgative medicine is sometimes useful and sometimes injurious. Any person, then, taking these pills at random is a fool. So we will say no more about patent medicines.

We pass them over the more readily, because we believe that it is only the astonishing facility which the modern system of advertising gives to the sale of patent medicines that keeps them in existence. Were it not for this, we suspect that they would die a natural death, as unsuited to the age, and belonging, in fact, to a past one. Formerly cheating, and imposition of all kinds, were of an unartistlike and inartificial character. It is not so now; downright but simple lying is, at any rate, straightforward, and therefore not now in vogue. Moreover, there has been so much of it that most people are rather suspicious of improbable statements so long as they are simple statements. But wrap such up in a theory, and particularly if it be a very novel and liberal one, and they slip down the throats of the lieges as a gudgeon does down the maw of a pike. Advertised nostrums are only popular among the very ignorant. The fashionable system of quackery now-a-days are homœopathy, hydropathy, animal magnetism, and the like.

All these systems have sprung up since society—particularly liberal society—took that turn which produced the French Revolution (No. I., we mean), and many a less revolution. Hahnemann, the founder of homœopathy, was born in Saxony, a little past the middle of last century. He graduated at Erlangen. He was undoubtedly a man of some, although very superficial abilities; infinitely superior, however, in point of both education and intelligence, to Priestnitz or Mesmer. Unfortunately his medical education seems to have been very imperfect; and in his writings he exhibits great deficiencies in his knowledge, not only of medical literature, but, what is of greater consequence, medical principles. He scarcely seems to have ever practised, but to have employed his time partly in attending to chemistry, but principally in translating English, French, and Italian works into German. Among the rest he undertook a translation of Cullen's *Materia Medica*.

This work contains allusion to some experiments of Alexander upon the action of remedies upon the healthy body. Such are, indeed, the foundation of every rational system of therapeutics and of practice. And, indeed, an attention to such action of drugs upon the healthy frame is nearly as old as the hills. But there is no doubt that it had never been brought forward into sufficient prominence. Hahnemann, however, appears to have considered it as something altogether new; and living in an age that demanded novelty, he eagerly seized upon the idea, and determined to dose himself.

He not unnaturally commenced his experiments by taking Jesuits' bark. According to his own account,

after he had done so he had ague. Upon this slender foundation is raised the whole structure of homœopathy. Its illustrious founder reasoned thus: 'I was well, I took Jesuits' bark and I had ague; *ergo*, the Jesuits' bark caused the ague; *ergo*, Jesuits' bark taken by a healthy individual always produces ague. But Jesuits' bark cures ague; *ergo*, whatever produces a disease can cure a disease; *ergo*, farther, nothing can ever cure a disease but that which can produce it. *Ergo*, all medicine is wrong, and I will found a new system with a Latin motto and a Greek name. *Sinilia similibus curantur* is the motto, and Homœopathy the name of my new science.'

This mode of reasoning is really not exaggerated ; homœopathic writers themselves assert it. In it Hahnemann jumps from specials to generals, and from generals to universals, in a manner which is very obvious and also very amusing. But the very beginning of all, the fact that bark produces ague, happens, unfortunately to be perfectly untrue. After taking a dose of it, Hahnemann says that *he* had the ague. Now he either lived in an ague country, *i. e.*, one exposed to fenny and marshy exhalations, or he lived in a country where ague was an uncommon disease. If the latter were the case it must be admitted, that as ague was unknown to him he might mistake the disease. If the former, as was, we believe, actually the case, why did not he take it like his neighbours, from exposure to miasmata ? One of these two suppositions must have been the case, for although Jesuits' bark and alkaloid quinine have been taken by thousands of healthy individuals, both before and since the time of Hahnemann, it has never produced ague. It is not, perhaps, an exaggeration to say, that it has been taken millions of times by people in a state of ordinary health. It is one of the few drugs that are employed by healthy people for the purpose of exciting hunger, promoting digestion, or preventing infection. It is even taken in homœopathic doses, since many habitually use it as a tooth-powder.

Hahnemann was, however, undeterred by any reflections of this kind. He made, or pretended to make, fresh experiments with other drugs, and soon propounded his new theory. The times were favourable for its reception. The majority, or at any rate a large number, of the inhabitants of middle and south-western Europe, looked upon every established opinion in the same light as a child looks upon its old clothes when it can get new ones. Hahnemann, doubtless, shared this feeling. He probably also thought of the advantage which his new doctrine might be of to him. Moreover, the notion that *similia similibus curantur* is, and was, somewhat congenial to a muddle-brained and enthusiastic German. The system obtained some degree of success, and has now a number of professors in Great Britain, as well as a number of admirers, who know nothing whatever about its true principles or professions.

It is evident that the administration to a sick man of a remedy which would, if he were well, cause a like disease, would aggravate the malady. The way to cure a black eye is certainly not to give it another blow. When drugs, which would cause symptoms similar to those present, are administered in appreciable quantities, it is admitted by the homœopathsists that the disease is made worse. "With large doses," says Dr. Black, "patients may be treated homœopathically, *but then we may frequently expect*

a positive increase of the disease, or even death. The experience of such painful and dangerous aggravation, in no case necessary to a cure, led Hahnemann to employ minute doses."

These minute doses constitute surely the funniest contrivance in the annals of empiricism. The millionth of a grain is a common dose; and a trillionth, octillionth, even a decillionth, very usual ones. It must be remembered, however, that all the professors of homœopathy have not the honesty of Dr. Black; and some of them, so far from admitting that large doses administered homœopathically "cause an increase of disease or death," maintain that the smaller the dose the greater is the strength of the drug."

We are very bad hands at ciphering, and never, even in our best days, had a clear idea of the multiplication table. In order to illustrate the absurdity of these minute doses, we will borrow some details from an admirable work by Dr. Wood of Edinburgh,* who remarks:

"Of such minute division no language can give even the slightest idea; and though calculations may express it in figures, yet they fail to convey any mental conception of its amount.

"A billionth of moments have not yet elapsed since the creation of the world; and to produce a decillionth, that number must be multiplied by a million seven separate times.

"The distance between the earth and the sun is ninety-five millions of miles. Twenty of the homœopathic globules, laid side by side, extend to about an inch—so that 158,400,000,000 such globules would reach from the earth to the sun. But when the thirtieth dilution is practised, each grain of the drug so divided, is divided into 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 parts. So that a single grain of any substance in the-thirtieth dilution, would extend between the sun and earth 1262,626,262,626,262,626,262,626,262,626,262,626,262,626,262,626,262 separate times."

Along with Dr. Wood we exclaim, "We make no comment."

People who can believe such absurd statements, are sure to attempt to explain them by still absurder hypotheses. Both Hahnemann and one of his disciples, Professor Dopler, have tried their hands at this. The erudite professor maintains, that the action of a medicine does not depend upon its bulk, but upon its surface; and that, when this latter is increased, it acquires "a tremendous potency." He asserts, of course, that the superficialities of any drug is increased by trituration and subdivision. As what follows is rather strange, we will give it in the words of the homœopath Black. He says,—

“Proceeding on the moderate assumption, that by each trituration the particles are reduced to the hundredth part of their previous size, we shall find the surface of a medicine, originally the cube of an inch, will become at the third trituration equal to two square miles; at the fifth, to the Austrian dominions; at the sixth, to the area of Asia and Africa together; and at the ninth, to the united superficies of the sun, the planets, and the moon.”—Black's Homœopathy, p. 88.

Hahnemann and the majority of his followers,

*Homœopathy Unmasked. Published by Menzies, Edinburgh.

however, do not seem exactly to explain the "tremendous potency" of the infinitesimal doses in this manner, but content themselves with asserting, that "it is undeniably proved that the latent power (it is impossible to say what is meant by this) is developed by trituration and solution." Hahnemann warns his disciples to be careful lest they shake too much, and thus, as some people are accused to have done lately, over-develop. "A drop of Domera," writes this great medical philosopher, "in the thirtieth degree of dilution, at each of which it has been shaken twenty times, endangered the life of an infant who took it for hooping-cough, whilst one to which only twelve shakes had been given at each dilution was sufficient, with a grain of poppy with which it was combined, to produce a prompt and easy cure."—Hahnemann, Nov. Org., p. 306.

It is a very singular and almost unaccountable fact, that the only medicine which is an exception to the general law, and which does not acquire additional potency by dividing and subdividing, is alcohol. The homœopaths confess that, dilute it as much as you will, and shake it as you please, it not only does not acquire additional intoxicating properties, but actually loses its strength. But they are sure that the reverse is the case regarding nutmegs, camomile flowers, and such-like substances.

The homœopaths being satisfied of the truth of the doctrine of *similia similibus curantur*, and of the "tremendous potency" of infinitesimal doses, have nothing to do but to experimentise with various drugs, and to ascertain their effect upon the healthy economy. This they have affected to do; and their published results are most entertaining. For full particulars we refer to Jahr's *Manual of Homœopathic Medicine*, of which there is both a French and an English version. Dr. Wood, too, in his *Homœopathy Unmasked*, has copious extracts upon this subject. We cannot refrain, however, from narrating a few symptoms, "the undoubted effects of infinitesimal doses."

There is common salt, of which most of us have partaken; and our experience of its effects will, doubtless, confirm the experiments of the homœopaths. According to them it produces, and therefore cures, an immense variety of symptoms. Among the rest are "palsies," "great wasting of the body," "eruption on the skin," "continual shivering," "melancholy sadness, with abundant weeping," hatred of those from whom injuries have long ago been received," "irascibilities, and violent rages easily provoked," "desire to laugh," "weakness of memory and excessive forgetfulness," "the experimenter blunders in speaking and writing," (perhaps some of these symptoms are blunders), "falling out of the hair even of the beard," "ulceration of the chin," "loss of appetite, especially for bread, and repugnance for tobacco-smoke," "warts upon the palms of the hands," &c., &c.

Another substance, with which most of us have

experimented upon ourselves, is nutmeg. Of course we have noticed in ourselves the following symptoms, which we select among many others:—"Bloody perspiration," "a constant flow of facetious ideas," "a strong disposition to make a fool of everybody," "idiotcy and madness," "shortness of breath," "contraction of the throat."

Lady Bountifuls and old maids are very fond of giving people camomile-tea. Do they know what symptoms camomile produces? Let them listen and beware! "Catalepsy," "epileptic convulsions, with retraction of the thumbs," "a disposition to weep and utter lamentations, with great readiness to take offence," "taciturnity and repugnance for conversation," "music is insupportable," "nostrils ulcerated," "lips, ditto," "toothache, with pain so insupportable as to drive to despair," "the tongue moves convulsively," and "the head is twisted backwards." We will only add, that any one who can swallow this, really deserves to be made to swallow salt, nutmeg, and camomile, and other such potent medicines.

To refute such nonsense as this would be an insult to the understanding of our readers. Homœopathy is, in fact, in essence a new name for what has been long known as the expectant plan of treatment. The infinitesimal doses administered by homœopaths as they have no visible or chemical existence (nothing can be detected in a globule save sugar), have no effect whatever upon the animal economy. Homœopathy, in fact, consists in standing by and watching nature and imagination overcome the disease. It is obvious, however, that any one who is treated homœopathically loses the benefit, the undoubted benefit, which the art of the physician affords.

It seems extraordinary that non-professional people, who are incapable of judging of the merits of two medical systems, are not struck with the fact that if homœopathy, or hydropathy, or any other pathy be true, then the system of regular medicine must be false. All the facts that have been observed by thousands of intelligent men for more than two thousand years are fallacious. All the deductions drawn from the careful observation of facts by these philosophers for this space of time are erroneous. And the only judges of truth are some score of very ignorant, very enthusiastic, and (to say the best of it) very conceited medical men, and their still more ignorant and conceited lay admirers.

The truth is, that these modern systems of quackery or empiricism hold just the same relation to regular or Hippocratic medicine as previous and exploded systems did. Regular medicine consists in the deduction of great principles relative to health and disease from the cautious observation of reiterated facts. Empiricism disdains this course of proceeding, and either only deals with isolated facts without reference to great first principles, or, as in the case of homœopathy, jumps at theories without caring about facts; in a word, it does not reason, but it fancies.



**PULPIT PORTRAITS;
OR, SKETCHES OF EMINENT LIVING AMERICAN DIVINES.**

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by CHARLES W. HOLDEN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

NO. XI.

REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG.

[ORIGINAL.]

REV. DR. TYNG, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is a great man. The sentiment, so often repeated, has become an axiom. It is in every body's mouth, for every body has heard him. Though far from subscribing to the doctrine expressed by the motto "*Vox Populi, Vox Dei*," yet what every body says is *likely* to be true; and in this case, a careful, personal observation has resulted in the endorsement of the popular judgment. And not only is STEPHEN H. TYNG a great man, but we deem him the greatest man, intellectually, among the Episcopal clergy of New York. He may have his equal in another part

of the country, and he may not. To such an unqualified statement we are conscious that exception will be taken. Every minister has his circle of admirers and his personal friends. Dr. Wainwright is placed by some on the pinnacle of intellectual greatness, so is the rector of Calvary Church by others. Dr. Tyng stands there by his own right, without being hoisted up by the people. This is the testimony of one, who, unprejudiced by sect, unbought by patronage, has listened to all with candour, and presents his views with the frankness which asks a return of the charity which it extends to others.

That portion of Dr. Tyng's life elapsed before he came to New York we pass over in silence, being unable to procure a complete biographical sketch. When or where he was born, where or how reared, we do not know, nor care to know; and we presume our readers care as little. Provided only a man was born and reared, it matters little where or how it was done. Provided only he is a *man* full-grown, able, self-reliant man, it is the smallest care how he came so—we wish to know what he *is*, and what he can do; not where he *was*, or what others did for him. Therefore, we shall confine our remarks to what Dr. T. is, and what he does, leaving to others to determine what he was or what others did.

A few years since, he removed from Philadelphia to New York, to assume the rectorship of St. George's Church, in Beekman street—left vacant by the death of the revered, beloved and lamented Dr. Milnor: under whose faithful ministrations the church had become distinguished and respected for its Christian liberality, its earnest orthodoxy, and its high tone of religious sentiment.

And here we would gladly turn aside to pay our humble tribute to the noble dead, but our limits only allow to refer to that highest eulogy of a pastor's faithfulness, the prosperous condition of his beloved church.

In popular language, this congregation is "Low Church:" and though the distinction between "High Church" and "Low Church" may not be acknowledged by all of that Christian denomination, yet it has a meaning recognized by all, and a meaning not in the least invidious.

He came to New York, known as a leading member of the Low Church party, to become the spiritual guide of a congregation also known as thoroughly Low Church; and appropriately took an early occasion to avow his faith and to propose his plan of ministry. He proclaimed his adhesion to the right and the privilege of extempore prayer; declaring that he should maintain the right always, and use the privilege whenever he thought best, even to the occasional and partial dispensing of the prayer-book.

His views on this subject are sufficiently revealed in the following extract from his published work, entitled "Recollections of England."

"Wherever, in England, I met with faithful, pious brethren, I found them men of prayer. The prayers, on all these occasions, were uniformly extemporaneous." And he adds: "How destructive to the influence of true piety among us, and to the actual increase of the power of the Gospel, would be the success of their endeavours, who would shut from us the use of extemporaneous prayer! The converted soul must pray: and although our liturgy, for the purposes of strictly public worship—for which it is designed—is unrivalled, and all that we want, it does not and cannot answer the purpose of many other occasions, when we need prayers most special and adapted. The attempt to make it the only vehicle of united prayers is the inevitable result of a formal spirit, and the parent of this spirit in others."

Thus holding opinions differing so widely from those embraced in the "Tracts for the Times," earnest, zealous, bold, and independent in their promulgation, regarding facts rather than forms, the spirit of the law rather than the letter, the living body rather than the superficial clothes, it is no wonder that he has become so mighty a champion of one portion of

the Episcopal Church, as to be, to some extent at least, obnoxious to the other portion. Hence it is peculiarly important that allowance should be made for the eulogies of friends and the disparagements of foes, by those who found their judgments of the man on mere report. Since his "defining of position," he has had frequent occasion to endorse it by public acts and by pastoral ministrations. On the test question at the trial of Bishop Onderdonk, he was found on the side where all expected to find him; and not only on a question of church government and discipline, but also in teaching and preaching, he is the same uncompromising foe to the monarchy of forms.

There is an earnestness and a point to his public ministrations which testifies that their warmth results from no artificial heat, but glows forth from an inward fire fed from off God's altar. His sermons are not like some, warmed into life by friction between the conscience of the speaker and the necessity of his position, both perhaps hard enough: he does not preach because he has "taken orders;" but he has taken orders that he might preach, and declare to dying men that salvation to which he humbly trusts for his own redemption. He uses a form, without being formal; displays a liturgy in prayer, without becoming *liturgical* in preaching; wears a surplice without being precise; reads the daily lessons without a tone; admires the common Prayer Book without adoring, and tenders it his love without his worship. In fine, he is Christian rather than Episcopal; and is a living example to certain clergy of other denominations, who in their fierce invectives against the one of his adoption, and the forms of its worship, lend an importance to those very forms which their own adopter does not demand for them. How is it that Dr. Tyng has withstood the influence of forms, to which we all give in so ready a surrender? It is because he possesses the inner and spiritual life which spurns formality, the strong and nervous intellect which brooks no hampers. It is with the inner world of man, as with the outer world of nature. It is the burning coal upon which no ashes rests. It is the torrent starting from the living spring, which is never icebound. And in surrendering the fashion of a class, he has made a glorious exchange in adopting a style of his own. His sermons are his own; his manner is his own. He does not protrude his originality, by trying to be original. Instead of writhing in efforts to be so, it is impossible for him to be otherwise. He is *original* without being *odd*. He does not draw upon others, for the good reason that his own well is deeper and more convenient than his neighbours'. Speaking in the political vernacular, he is in favour of "home production," against foreign importation.

Hence, depending on individual and inward growth, ordinary subjects reveal beneath his touch a richness of matter, and a variety of relations, truly astounding to the unreflecting. Let him direct his creative intellect towards the most barren subject, and it teems with life and beauty; as beneath the warm spring sun, myriads of blades of grass and gorgeous flowers start forth from the winter-browned fields.

His mind is under controul; it is a well disciplined mind. Pycroft compares his mind to his dog, in its proneness to wander, and says "there is a way to make my dog obey, change his wandering nature, *down*, when I say down, and pass without a glance everything but the game I choose to hunt." Dr. Tyng

has well succeeded in that which Pycroft desired. And still there is a point of excellence attainable, yet unattained by him. He sometimes loses sight of the logical order. He does not give over the pursuit of his subject, but he follows on the wrong track, or to refer to our illustration, "gets on the wrong scent." Still his mind is well trained; it "passes everything but the game he chooses to hunt." This thorough discipline must be the result of severe study, of long and unremitted labour—such a power is not the result of unaided genius, it is not a "gift;" it has been worked for, and struggled after, through many a long year. His personal appearance testifies to hard work—the intellectual predominates over the sensual; but a surer testimony is given by the abundance of his thoughts, by the variety of his subjects, the closeness of his style, and the number of his sermons. In regard to the last, it is worthy of mention that during the past winter he has preached three times on the Sabbath, and during Lent preached six times each week.

Allusion was made to the closeness of his style. His style is close—just the precise words are chosen, and no objectionable superfluity is countenanced; still there is some luxuriance, but it is the luxuriance of a well-trimmed hedge, rather than of a South American jungle. His sentences are methodical in their construction, and rounded in their completion. In this finish of execution he excels Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, with whom he often comes in contrast at public meetings, and of whom, by-the-way, we shall speak at an early day. He has more refinement, a higher polish, and better grace, and yet is not as forcible, to a certain order of mind, which is confessedly not the highest. Beecher squares off against error, and knocks it down by a dead blow in the breast. Tyng prefers scientifically to trip it up. In either case, error is effectually down—or perhaps better, Beecher wields a knotted club which bruises where it falls; Tyng a smart and rounded one, doing equal execution without drawing blood.

Both move the feelings to the depths: Beecher does it by a graphic description, affecting representation, or thrilling word; Tyng, simply by the forcible representation of truth, illustrated, if at all, by metaphor rather than by description. The former may present *as much* truth as the latter, but the method of impressing it, of "sending it home," is different. The former does it by illustrations, the latter by turning it round and round, inside and out. The former holds his truth up before the audience, and brings the strong lights of illustration to bear upon it; the latter, after presenting it as a whole, takes it to pieces and passes it around to his hearers.

In his rounded, well formed sentences, and accurate choice of words, nay, in the superb style in which he rolls them out, there is something quite Ciceronian about Tyng, while the speeches of Beecher, with their short sentences, pointed words, and popular appeals, are truly Demosthenic.

Both have emotion in the pulpit, without grossly discovering it. Dr. Tyng has his feelings like his mind under wise controul. We have seen him stand for a second, silent and statue-like, a tear starting from his eye, and then go on with a voice as clear and ringing as before. This leads us to speak of his MANNER, which is described to a great extent by reference to his style. It is not always that the style and thought

and manner all harmonize so nicely as they do in the present instance. There is the same precision and accuracy; the same force and energy; the same boldness and independence in each. He pronounces each word by itself, distinctly and heavily, so that his voice sounds as much like the regular solid beat of a cannon ball in a roll down a flight of stairs, as anything. He is calm, dignified, and rather stately in his public appearance, speaks with quite enough fire and fervour, gestures earnestly, emphasizes decidedly, has a flashing eye and a clear voice. Both in style and manner he frequently reminds one of a man on trial. He defends himself, justifies his own acts, not directly, to be sure, but implicitly. You feel that he has been receiving anonymous letters, condemning some speech; or the advice of some kind friend, hinting at a better, more prudent, more politic course, which coming to a man with a path marked out, and a resolve to follow it, serve but to irritate and wound. He never dodges responsibility or affects modesty by using the pronoun "we," when he means "I." In fact, it must be confessed that the "I" is slightly manifest throughout his discourses, not painfully so, perhaps not excessively so; but still one is not apt to lose sight of the man in the interest of the subject—the truth was deeply interesting, but Dr. Tyng presented it; the sermon was solemn, but Dr. Tyng preached it.

But it is on the platform that Dr. Tyng best proclaims discipline of mind, power of language, and oratorical talent. He is a wonderful *EXTEMPORE* speaker. He talks, as the proverb has it, "like a book." There is the same precision, the same finish, completeness, force and logical order in his extempore as in his written addresses. Never at a loss for a word, and the right word too, he talks on with the regular steady flow of an unfailing fountain. In fact, he extemporises with such perfection, with such rounding of periods and finish of sentences, that one not accustomed to his public efforts is apt to look shrewd and hint about "previous preparations," "wonderful memory," "cut and dried," &c., &c., but those who know anything about it, know that when he pretends to speak extemporaneously he is doing so. There is no sham about it. Perhaps he never was more eloquent and impressive in his life, never clothed his thoughts in more beautiful or forcible language, than on the occasion of a Temperance Anniversary in Broadway Tabernacle, when he was called upon to speak until another gentleman, appointed for the occasion, should arrive. He spoke ten minutes superbly, fully developed the thought he had presented, and would have sat down; but the expected speaker had not arrived; the audience insisted on his proceeding; and another ten minutes he poured out a strain of still more impassioned eloquence. Still there was no arrival, cries of "go on," "go on" again prevailed, and he started forward on the third heat, bearing away the hearts of all in their admiration of his burning words; eclipsing in his last effort all previous displays, and accomplishing, in that most difficult task of "speaking against time," the most superb feat of platform oratory. No, this "smell of the lamp" is not the result of special studied preparation, but of that preparation which has been going through a life time of study; at the academy, the college, the seminary, in active life. It is a great pleasure to hear him speak. You are not made nervous by fear of failure. You

know he will present the right thing in just the right way, and after all it is done up in a little better shape than you expected. With such powers he commands large audiences, of course. His church is always crowded, and a very rare occurrence is it when he disappoints the highest reasonable expectations.

Dr. Tyng is indeed a strong man; strong in mind, stronger in self control, strong in feeling, strong in will; and, finally, he is a man who makes strong friends and strong enemies. Indeed, this cannot be otherwise with a man of decided character, though coupled with independence, is destined to meet opposition "as the sparks fly upward." It is difficult oftentimes to decide when this is deserved and when it is not. Moreover, Dr. Tyng is somewhat impetuous. In the excitement of public speaking, impelled on by the interest of the subject, the applause of a delighted audience, and an ambition to please, (to which, when under the controul of principle, we see no objection,) he is induced to make assertions to which he would not give his subscription in private. For example, we heard him use these very words in a public meeting, held in the New York Tabernacle: "I believe a Church to be nothing more than a collection of sanctified individuals united together for the good of mankind." He may, in calm moments, subscribe to this, and he may not. We are sure that the most radical Congregationalist would start back from such a proposition.

This impulsive cast is of itself fruitful of opposition. Moreover, we are inclined to think that he likes battling. This is not said to his discredit. Many a man honoured in the Church has liked battling before him. Luther relished it; he would go to Worms though there were as many devils there as tiles on the houses; and we don't believe that the subject of this sketch ever went so far in strife as to throw an inkstand at his satanic majesty. Paul, too, didn't object to making a stand and entering on a sturdy resistance when principle was concerned; and the great Head of the Church himself, told his disciples that he came into the world "not to send fear, but a sword." It is doubtful whether a man of sterling principle can go through the world without some battling. There are "foes without and foes within," and he is to be congratulated who can get some comfort out of the operation.

This is the view taken of Dr. T's bump of combativeness, and it should be a source of rejoicing to the friends of truth, that in these days of upheavings and overturnings, of questionings and discussions, there are some mighty champions, some redoubtable Christian warriors, in the bosom of the Church.

As a soldier he would throw himself into the "imminent deadly breach," be the first to storm the earth and plant the banner; as a member of the English House of Commons he would be in the opposition; as a politician he would lead the party of his adoption; as a statesman he would have been a ruling spirit on the floor of the Senate; as a Churchman he stands where—all know he does. He is considered by the High Church party radical and schismatical; by the Low Church a noble defender of Church purity and principles.

He is a man who, in times of national revolution, would come up on the surface of the troubled waters, to guide, quell and bind. The masses would yield to his determined will, shout to his eloquence, and glory

in his talents. There is no doubt that he is doing immense good in New York; those whose love he has not gained yield him their admiration. At the close of a life full of work, excitement, contention and responsibility—such a life as is worth living—he may repeat, with a peculiar emphasis, the words of the great Christian champion of old, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith."

The following particulars of the early career of Dr. Tyng are copied from the U. S. Ecclesiastical Portrait Gallery, a work but little known except to a small number of clergymen. We condense these particulars to supply the hiatus left in the public life of this distinguished divine by the author of the above sketch.

"The Rev. Stephen Higginson Tyng, D. D., was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, March 1st, 1800. He was the second son of the Hon. Dudley Atkins Tyng, a distinguished lawyer of that State, who married a daughter of the Hon. Stephen Higginson, of Boston, a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. He was entered at Harvard University in 1813, and graduated in 1817. Having no particular taste for either of the learned professions, he entered upon a merchant's life with most encouraging prospects of worldly success. But in 1819, it pleased God to call him to the work of the ministry. His course of theological studies was pursued at Bristol, R. I., under the supervision and direction of Bishop Griswold. It was during Mr. Tyng's residence in Bristol, that a very remarkable revival of religion occurred in that place, commencing with St. Michael's congregation, and extending through the town.

"Mr. Tyng was ordained a Deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church, at Bristol, on the 4th of March, 1821. After his ordination he removed to the South, and was settled the 1st of May, the same year of his ordination, as the minister of St. John's Church, Georgetown, D. C. There he remained for two years, zealously occupied in the discharge of ministerial duty, and not without witnessing fruits of his labor. A wider field opened before him, and he accepted an invitation to Queen Ann Parish, Prince George's county, Maryland. This was a delightful country abode, and furnished not only opportunities of improving labor in the best classes of society, but also the means of preparation for future and more extensive influence in the church. It also opened extensive opportunities for missionary service, there being many districts in that and the neighbouring parishes, especially in Virginia, where the scattered population seldom enjoyed opportunities for public worship in their vicinity. It was the custom of Mr. Tyng, in addition to his ordinary duties, to make extensive preaching tours in order to meet these wants. On one of these tours he travelled four hundred and fifty miles on horseback, in fourteen days, and during this period he preached seventeen times.

"After laboring six years in Prince George's county, he was invited to become the rector of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia. He took charge of that church in May, 1829. Perhaps no church in Philadelphia has ever exhibited such thronged audiences, as did St. Paul's from 1830 up to the time of the resignation of its then rector. It was not the tinsel glitter of a decorated style, nor the attractive graces of a superior elocution, nor the charms of a novelty that perishes

in its earliest efflorescence which drew those crowds, but the solemn, thrilling exhibition of the great doctrines of the gospel set forth with the fervour and earnestness of one who possessed a vigorous and powerful mind, who had made an entire consecration of himself to the master he served, and who uniformly preached as though heaven and hell, the judgment seat, and eternity, were unveiled and directly before him. For about two years he held a daily six o'clock morning meeting in the Vestry room; and during the whole period of his ministry at St. Paul's preached regularly three times each Sunday, besides attending to his weekly Lecture, and making addresses for every benevolent society throughout the city that asked his services.

It was during his ministry at St. Paul's, and at the annual commencement of Jefferson College in 1832, that the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by that Institution. Whatever mistakes have been made by our literary institutions of late years, in the lavish conferring of this degree, if sound learning, accurate scholarship, extensive theological acquirements, vigorous intellect, and very superior pulpit powers, with great devotion to the work of the ministry, constitute legitimate grounds for the bestowment of this honor, it was not injudiciously conferred in the present instance.

Dr. Tyng continued his labors at St. Paul's until October, 1833, when he was elected rector of the Church of the Epiphany. In the four and a half years of his ministry at St. Paul's not less than *two*

hundred and fifty souls had been enrolled as new communicants of that church, and these were only a part of the seals of his ministry in his abundant labors during that period.

After the facts we have stated, we need scarcely remark, that Dr. Tyng stands among the most distinguished men of the country. For the information of those who have not had the pleasure of listening to him in the pulpit, we may be permitted to add: that he possesses great clearness of intellect, and never fails, in the discussion of any subject to grasp its strong points. He has striking analytical powers. A text under his hands, seems at once to evolve the mind and meaning of the Holy Spirit and to stand out with a transparency and clearness and symmetry, that at once convey its full import and leave it indelibly enstamped upon the memory.

Dr. Tyng does not usually write his sermons out—he preaches with the same readiness of utterance, richness and accuracy of expression without a manuscript as with. The very finest bursts of eloquence to which we have ever listened from his lips, were some of his extemporaneous addresses, setting forth the beauty and excellency and glory of Christ.

Dr. Tyng is now in the very prime of life, with sound health, and such systematic habits of industry and study, as will lead him on each year to increased vigor of intellect, and increased stores of learning, and consequently to increased usefulness in the church of the living God.

REMINISCENCES OF A PHYSICIAN.

NO. I.

[ORIGINAL.]

"TRULY, the heart knoweth its own sorrows!" These were the words I uttered after regaining my study, from visiting a patient whom I had been called out of my bed to visit about two hours before; and as I sat thinking of the heart-rending scene I had lately left, I thought, truly, the heart, and it only, knoweth its own sorrow; but in order that my readers may better understand what caused this exclamation, I will relate what I afterwards learned of the circumstances of my patient. Miss J. was of respectable parents, who held a small estate in the north of Scotland, and she being the only daughter, was educated in all that was conducive in cultivating the mind and refining the heart; of a quick and ready mind and no ordinary talents, she became all that a parent's heart could wish; but, while in the enjoyment of all those pleasures that could be purchased by wealth or furnished by affection, Death stepped in, and in two short months snatched from her the father and the mother she so highly prized. It was then that the dignity and strength of her character was shown; though mourning the loss of those most dear to her, she thought soon again of meeting them, where parting should be no more. As it was told me by the narrator, she looked like an angel in mourning, as with quiet

dignity she moved along to church on the following Sabbath. Upon the death of her parents the estate passed into the hands of her eldest brother, and as he was rather a selfish spendthrift, she went to reside with a brother who had just finished his professional education as a physician, and had settled in a neighbouring city. In this home she realized all the happiness she had ever found in the home of her childhood; her brother being unmarried, he lavished upon her his affection, and well it was repaid; the pure love of the sister was treasured by the manly and feeling heart of the brother, and in each others happiness the time swiftly glided by. The dignity and grace with which she presided over the brother's household had determined him that none other should ever occupy her place as long as she wished to remain—which, alas! was not long. Here, surrounded by all that could make life desirable, she spent three of the happy years of her life. Amongst the many who visited her brother's house, attracted by the graces of the sister, were two gentlemen, one, being engaged in mercantile pursuits, and the other a young clergyman; they both were smitten with her charms, but both had not the same influence in the maiden's heart. The merchant, however, thinking that hearts

were to be had like articles of merchandise, by offering enough for the object, proposed in a business-like way for her hand, and in a lady-like manner was rejected. Smarting under rage and disappointment he vowed to be revenged, and that he kept his vow will hereafter appear. The young clergyman having thus got clear of his rival, had the coast clear to himself. After some months they were engaged; but as his means were limited, it was thought most prudent to defer their union for some time; or, at least, until he became more affluent, as he had expectations from a rich relative who could not be expected to survive much longer. Thus months passed away in the sweet interchange of thought with the being that she loved; and the days seemed to be moments, so quickly did they fly—which for her, alas! poor girl, flew too quickly. Her brother, in visiting a patient, contracted a contagious fever which, in a fortnight, carried him off, thus leaving her unprovided for, as it seldom happens that a physician saves any money from his income for the first few years. Here then, again death had snatched from her the being of all others the most dear to her heart; and her feelings at this double bereavement is easier imagined than described. After disposing of the brother's effects and paying his debts, there remained one hundred pounds. Oh! how small a sum for one whose wish had ever been gratified. Her lover now wished her to fulfil their engagement and get married; but with that true love which some women possess, she refused to burden the object of her affection, at least, until something better should turn up, but determined to sail for America, the home of the oppressed and the land for the talented. There she intended to turn those accomplishments which were the amusement of her youthful leisure hours to benefit herself, and if she could lay up anything, then would she return and bless him with her hand. Finding her mind unalterably fixed, her lover acquiesced, and she soon sailed for New York. Here she found her brother, who had left Scotland some two years before, and who, after spending all that he had, ended by marrying a woman every way above him, but every way inferior to his sister. After a few weeks she found a situation as a teacher in a female seminary. And to add to her joy, she received a letter from her betrothed, breathing the spirit of love, and begging that she would allow him to visit her and return with him; to which she returned a refusal, but hoping soon to be able to write more encouragingly. The intense mental excitement necessary upon her situation, and a close confinement, soon rendered it necessary for her to resign her situation and seek some other, requiring less exertion. She obtained one in a fashionable family as a governess; but the requirements of the imperious mistress soon finished what close application and confinement had begun; and, oh! had I but the power to speak to any such having a governess in their family, I would say, for Heaven's sake, to think of the obligation you are under to those who instruct your children, and do not, by the insolent rebuke, or the cold command, cause the heart to bleed, which may be, and in nine cases out of ten would do far more honour to the position you occupy than you would to the situation they are obliged to fill. Oh! how often have I seen lovely innocence, radiant with every virtue, and bright with talent, sinking into the premature grave, though few knew and few cared, caused by

the cruelty of those that should have sheltered them for the important and incalculable benefit that was received from them, in storing their children's minds with wisdom. How often have I felt feelings of indignation rise within me when, in my professional calling, I have seen the ignorant, presumptuous mistress of the house order, like a menial, the governess of the family, who was a daughter of one of the most highly respectable and virtuous family, and whose name was incorporated in the history of our country; while the haughty mistress was the daughter of one whose only merit was, that he did accumulate wealth without regard to honesty, retained it without honour, and sold bad liquor at three cents a glass.

To return, however, after such a digression. My patient continued to sink until she was no longer able to attend to anything; and, finally, was confined to her room. She then was forced to go to her brother's house and mingle among his wife's friends, which, as they possessed no sympathy in common with her, it is not to be expected was agreeable to her.

It was while she was thus circumstanced that I was first called to see her. The first glance revealed to my mind the history of her sufferings—one of the many thousand which are in the world at the present time, having been reduced from affluence to poverty, are obliged to earn a subsistence by the aid of their own efforts, and to subsist upon the pittance which an unfeeling world affords them. At first she merely complained of debility and want of appetite; but her oft repeated sigh and struggle to suppress her feelings, and unavailing efforts to appear calm and unconcerned, told that this was not a case of mere physical suffering; but also that here was a "mind diseased." Her conversation and bearing all showed, though I did not then know her history, that she was no ordinary woman, and that no common trials had subdued her; and, indeed, none could look upon that lofty brow, though pale with suffering, and the glance of that proud and scornful eye, as with proud defiance it occasionally gleamed, as she related what some of her late occupations had been, in order to enable me to arrive at a conclusion, what was necessary for her case. There was evidently a struggle between pride and circumstances, and though she tried to school herself, still the mind with proud defiance would occasionally break through the weak barriers that bound it, threatening destruction to the whole mental organization at such times. I found that before I could benefit her, that I must gain her confidence. Indeed, I had to administer to the mind, and without gaining her confidence it was impossible. At the second interview I had improved so much upon acquaintance that I drew from her as much as was necessary to enable me to decide a course of treatment to pursue with her. Having communicated the plan to a benevolent individual, a friend of mine, she was employed as a teacher in a seminary in a neighbouring state, where the duties were light, and no one to control her but the managers of the institution, thus rendering her independent, which, to her mind, was the best suited to make her feel less of the alteration of her circumstances. This, together with the pleasant and healthful situation of the school, I hoped would restore her to her usual health. When the arrangement was made known to her, her thanks were not loud, but the eloquent expression of that lovely hazel eye spoke a

volume of thanks. It was arranged that she would depart in a fortnight. As I hoped, the feeling of dependence being removed, and the consciousness of being able to be independent had the influence of restoring her to health much sooner than all the drugs contained in an apothecary shop. But now came the most difficult of all delicate positions to be placed in with such a patient; poor but proud; willing but not able. At my last visit she, after many thanks for my services and sympathy, asked for my bill. This was something which I might have expected from one so proud as she was, but in the interest which her situation had exercised in my mind, and the admiration of her character, I had forgot about any pecuniary remuneration; and the first impulse of my heart was to offer my services as gratuitous; but a moment's reflection showed me that to her this would be death itself—by placing her under an obligation to a stranger—when a thought happened to cross my mind, and I replied that I never collected my bills only yearly. Though this was not strictly true, still I thought the end justified the means, and it also served to make my patient better—the great object always with the physician. She left in a day or two, and I heard nothing from her for some months, except a short letter addressed to me professionally and reiterating again her thanks.

Engaged in a multiplicity of business, I had almost forgot her, except an occasional thought, called up by the neighbourhood in which she had resided, until I was summoned hastily to visit her upon the night which caused the exclamation that commences this tale. I found her there, but so changed that I hardly recognized her as the individual who had, with the warm feelings of the heart, and the expression of her eyes, a few months before thanked me for my attention. At this time, she lay in convulsions—hard to be aroused, and only a few moments would intervene until she relapsed into them again. Upon inquiry, I learned that she had returned a few weeks before, but had refused to send for me, owing to the fact that she still remained unable to remunerate my services, and was, therefore, unwilling to increase the obligation. But, that for the last two or three days, she had become very sad and melancholy, and that this day she had refused all nourishment entirely, and seemed to be communing with her own thoughts. Upon inquiry I traced an aggravation of her symptoms to the receipt of a letter, but what that letter contained no one knew, nor was it at that time any use to inquire, the patient demanding all my attention. After some time she became easier, and leaving an anodyne draught for her, I returned home excited, and wearied by the exertions I had been required to make; and as I threw my dressing gown around me, and as I thought of the change and circumstances of my patient—I exclaimed: "the heart alone, knoweth its own bitterness!" But what had caused this sudden paroxysm of grief? This now was my object to unravel, and again did I attempt to learn something about this mysterious letter, but failed; no one but herself had seen it, and where it now was no one could tell. I was thus forced to wait until my patient would so far recover as to be able to bear the excitement that would be caused by the revelation; for I was certain, in my own mind, that something closely concerning her happiness was contained in that letter. For a long time this was impracticable; my patient, after this

night, recovered from those dreadful convulsions, but remained in such a precarious condition that the greatest silence had to be enjoined upon the attendants, and anything that would tend to the least excitement was entirely prohibited. It seemed that the bond that bound the soul to her body, was so frail that the least thing would sever it, so ready was the spirit to take its flight from its earthly tenement. After thus hovering over the grave for nearly six weeks, she then began slowly to convalesce, and in three weeks more she was enabled to talk without any reaction following, and then from her lips I learned the cause of this dreadful suffering through which she had just passed. It may be remembered that in the former part of this tale, mention is made of a man whom she rejected before the time of her quitting Scotland. He had left no means untried to cause rumors to reach the clergyman to whom she was engaged, and the tact with which he pursued his infernal plans, he had at last persuaded him to believe that my patient still corresponded with him whom she had rejected. Her betrothed had in a former letter hinted towards this circumstance, when, with true dignity, she immediately demanded from him what this hint meant, and the returning letter from him contained a humble apology, attributing the hint to a playful jealousy. But rumors reaching his ears, he had thought fit to hint again, which was the mysterious letter that I attributed to causing her last alarming illness. Now then came the struggle in her bosom; that she loved him dearly she could not from herself deny; that she did love him too dear, the effect it caused will show. But to insult her thus—her pride revolted from it, and she justly thought the man that could thus act was unworthy the love she cherished for him, and she determined to break the engagement that bound her to him. It is easy with many to break engagements, but with her, she loved but one, and a worthy object, she loved forever;—but thus it is:

"That we ever find it to our cost,
Doubt love, and it is forever lost."

To sever the ties that thus bound her, cost many a struggle, but with a high and lofty determination she vowed, and with her to vow was to perform. After selecting all the letters that at various times had passed between them, she enclosed them in a packet, and also his miniature, and transmitted them by a friend that was returning to Scotland at this time, to the former owner, and also a letter from herself requesting a like return. Thus far she was enabled to act, sustained by injured innocence; but after she had done what she considered her duty, like the bow that has been bent to the utmost, so did her mind re-act, and placing her upon the verge of the grave for some days, granted her ease in unconsciousness, and after a long struggle had again restored her to her former pride and independent spirit; after this clew to the mystery and unburthening of her mind, my patient convalesced rapidly, and I had the pleasure of a visit shortly after from her at my office, at which time she brought a letter that she had a few days before received from her recreant lover, and as I had become her confidant, she handed it to me to read. It contained all that man could write, and all that woman could expect to expiate his fault; but on turning to look at my fair patient, the lofty tone of bear-

ing and the firm resolution written upon the lips, showed me that it was too late. She had said it, and though her life was to, as it nearly did, pay the forfeit, still she would not relent; like many others, he knew not the value of the heart that was his until he lost it forever. After this she continued rapidly to gain her former composure; but to my eye, there was for a long time a something, that in her leisure moments would keep her mind busy in thinking, but having once brought herself to fully believe that he was unworthy of her love, she banished him from her mind entirely, or at least to think of him with indifference. She still lives on in this city, and is now engaged in

training up the daughters of a friend of mine that prizes her dearly, and seems to be very happy in the occupation of teaching the "young idea how to shoot." The eldest daughters repay her instructions with respect, and the youngest loves her as a mother. She has had an excellent offer of marriage from a gentleman who could appreciate such a woman, but she refused, and probably never will marry, but remain in the family of my friend as long as she lives. She loved too fondly to ever love again, and I presume that

"Her heart no more for love shall throb."

TO HER WHO SAID, THAT I WAS CHANGED SINCE FIRST WE MET.

[ORIGINAL.]

YES! I am changed since first we met;
The heart that once from pain and care was free,
Now often sighs with fond regret,
For days that ne'er again can be.

That heart once was pure and free from guile,
And judged all others by itself;
Hope then flattered with her witching smile,
And promised happiness and wealth.

But hope a too flattering tale has told,
And friendship, too, deceived then fled;

And with the world its falsity has proved,
Which froze the heart that once a chill did dread.

Now oft upon the cheek is seen the smile,
Which many think does truly say
All there is happiness—little think they the while
This heart is sad, though seemingly so gay.

And the heart where love and friendship held their seat,
Is now usurped by cold ambition's fame;
And ne'er again for love shall throb, or friendship beat,
'Till days that are past return again.

TODO.

THE WAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I.

O'er bright seas steals a tiny wave,
Sparkleth joyous on their breast,
Casteth beams to Heaven that gave,
Rolleth foam of silver crest;
Dancing lightly,
Glancing brightly,
The sunniest wave be mine!

II.

The ocean rouses from his sleep,
Soundeth wave-bells to the ear,
Chimeth from the organ-deep,

Echoeth anthem, grand and clear!

Singing loudly,
Ringing proudly,
The music-wave be mine!

III.

A storm-cloud arches o'er the wave,
Pealeth thunder through the sky,
Sea-chant sinketh in the grave,
Dieth murmur'ing holily:
Swelling gently,
Knelling faintly,
The deepest wave be mine!

C. T. H. P.

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

Loiterings in Europe, or, Sketches of Travel in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, &c., with an Appendix, containing Observations on European Charities and Medical Institutions. By John W. Corson, M.D. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1848.

Everybody travels now-a-days, and everybody that travels writes a book. We see no reason why a gentleman should write a book, or rather publish one, about what he may have seen in Europe, who would never have dreamed of writing one if he staid at home. In truth, no man should ever pretend to write a book about another country with which he can be but imperfectly acquainted, who would never have dreamed of writing one about his own country, with which he should be perfectly well acquainted. A man who visits an unknown country, like Bruce, or Stephens, or who makes a political tour to discover the workings of a new government like De Tocqueville, or a poetical pilgrimage like Lamartine, or a sentimental one like Sterne, or a satirical one like Mr. Titmarsh, may well be excused for writing a book of travels, for they have something to say of the world which the world has not heard before. But, for the ordinary traveller who goes to no new country, sees no new sights, makes no new investigations, brings no new truths home with him, to make a record of his common-place thoughts, and publish an account of stoppages and accidents, his passages and progress, his dinners and his breakfasts, is a sheer impertinence. We have had too many such books already. Every man, it is true, has as good a right as another to publish a book, but no man has a right to waste good materials in unprofitable enterprises.

These remarks are intended for travellers in general, and not for Dr. Corson in particular, who really seems to have been actuated by a commendable desire to communicate useful information in the book which he has given to the public. He has a happy style, and an observant eye, and his book will be found a very good companion for steamboat and railroad travellers in warm weather.

As an example of our author's style, we give an entire chapter, containing an account of St. Cloud, and the once royal manufactory of Sevres :

"I recollect an acquaintance with whom the process of saying 'Good-by,' even on ordinary occasions, was often extremely gradual. Like certain orators, when he got under way it seemed impossible to stop. He was sure to fascinate you with the air rushing through the half-opened door upon your bare head, in a cold hall ; or keep you hesitating between respect and impatience on the stone steps, and just as you fancied you had escaped, you heard a voice behind you : he had forgotten something, and returned to the charge, till he gave you as many parting salutations as a Chinese master of ceremonies.

"Imitating his impressive example, then, let us linger about the precincts of the lively capital, to which we had professedly bidden adieu.

"As you set out from Paris in a southwesterly direction, you pass through a portion of the Bois de Boulogne, celebrated for its duels, and the encampment of the English troops ; and crossing the Seine a few miles below the city, you ascend the brow of a hill, on the opposite bank, to the imposing Palace and Park of St. Cloud. Here, as one of the pictures in the Gallery of Versailles vividly reminds you, Napoleon, assisted by his brother Lucien and his grenadiers, played the part of Cromwell in forcibly breaking up the sitting of the Council of Five Hundred, in the Revolution of the 18th of Brumaire ; and here were signed the ill-fated ordinances which cost Charles X. his throne, and made his ministers life-prisoners. It is still one of the summer residences of the royal family. The interior is ornamented with pictures and rich furniture similar to the others ; and some of the pieces of Gobelin tapestry lining the walls are so exquisitely executed, and the colours are so delicately laid, that, at the distance of a few feet, it is difficult to distinguish them from real linings. The view of the winding river, and Paris, in the distance, from the grounds in front, is exceedingly fine.

"My visit to it happened to be in company with a party of friends, and, after paying our respects to the palace, we strolled along the brow of the hill, through a forest of lofty trees in the

grounds to the eastward for a mile or more, till we came to the village of Sevres. On presenting our tickets, we were politely conducted through the immense show-rooms of the Royal Porcelain Manufactory, containing magnificent services, vases, and paintings upon porcelain, valued, in some instances, at thousands of francs each, besides a museum of the earthenware of all nations, from Etruscan vases and the rudest pottery of the savage to the finest fabrics of Europe and America.

"The establishment employs one hundred and fifty persons, and, like the manufactory for the Gobelin tapestry, is the property of the government.

"A little to the eastward of the village, you intersect one of the two railroads leading from Paris to what is certainly the principal attraction, both to citizens and strangers, outside of its walls—the Palace of Versailles. It costs but a pleasant ride of twelve miles from the capital. As you enter the gate in front, and walk leisurely up a gentle ascent, you are struck with the imposing array of colossal statues of some of the greatest men of France, on either hand, with Louis XIV., its founder, on horseback in the centre, at their head ; and then the connected mass of edifices at the summit, with its gigantic wings extending far downward, presents an appearance of overgrown greatness worthy to be counted the masterpiece of the most tasteful, extravagant, and vain monarch of his time.

"By the burden of debt and taxes thus created, it is thought that he left the French Revolution as a legacy to his grandson, and by an ominous coincidence it was from this place that Louis XVI. was forced by the triumphant mob to become their prisoner in Paris.

"Its unpleasant associations, and more especially the enormous expense of a corresponding establishment, have deterred Napoleon and succeeding rulers from inhabiting the principal palace, till at length that munificent patron of the fine arts, and skilful flatterer, Louis Philippe, affixed in imposing character upon its front a new dedication (*A toutes les gloires de la France*), pleasing to the national pride of every Frenchman, and filled it with a vast collection of statues and paintings, forming, perhaps, the largest and best arranged historical gallery in the world, and opened the palace and its magnificent grounds for the gratuitous instruction and amusement of all classes.

"Commencing with the elevation of a Roman general upon a shield, by his soldiers, as their Gallic sovereign, and kindred scenes, there is a separate apartment devoted to each age, containing portraits of the kings, queens, eminent characters of France, pictures of coronations, marriages, and stirring incidents of each reign to the present time.

"The department devoted to the Crusades is particularly full and interesting, containing representations of their leading events, in which Peter the Hermit, St. Louis, Philip Augustus, Godfrey de Bouillon, Richard Cœur de Lion, and hosts of mailed knights and turbaned Saracens are fiercely figuring, about the size of life. Very appropriately in this department are placed the carved doors and the huge mortar belonging to the Hospital of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, recently presented by the sultan.

"The series depicting the various incidents of the career of Napoleon is also very full, and the whole is brought down to the deeds of the three glorious days, the swearing to the charter, the events of the commencement of the reign of the present monarch, and the battles in Algiers.

"It seems that the splendour and extent of this royal residence were oppressive even to some of its first occupants, and Louis XIV., at the suggestion of Madame de Maintenon, built the Grand Trianon, a kind of cottage-palace, in a distant part of the grounds. Marie Antoniette preferred the Petit Trianon, a small residence still more retired, with half a dozen plain rooms, an English garden, ornamented with untrimmed trees, Swiss chalets, thatched with straw, a little dairy establishment, with whose affairs, it is said, she used to busy herself. The park, diversified with many splendid avenues and devices, extends for several miles, and the stupendous fountains and water-works, on account of the great expense attending the operation, play only three or four times a-year, on great occasions.

"Having taken my place in the diligence for the north, one fine morning, much in the style of the hero of the opening paragraph, I bade a lingering final adieu to Paris, and in the same spirit exchanged farewell salutations of various degrees of strength, according to the distance, with a very dear friend who accompanied me to the place of departure. On the arrival of the diligence at the railway station in one of the suburbs, the body of this lumbering conveyance was suddenly lifted off the wheels, and placed on a low, flat railway car, and directly, as we sat quietly in our places, we were flying at a rapid rate upon the great northern railway. Our course along the River Oise and all the way to our taking to wheels again, at the old provincial town of Amiens

was through a level and comparatively uninteresting country. To enjoy a better view, I had taken my place in the banquettes, and a huge corpulent conductor having left his more usual place in front during the night, kept the blind open, and greatly encroached upon the lateral dimensions of two suffering fellow-passengers and myself. One of them was not of the gentlest mood, and grew perfectly furious. Finding he could scarcely speak a word of French, and that our oppressive functionary was equally innocent of English, one of us ventured to translate some of the milder sentences of our companion. It was labour lost. Sleep at length came as a peacemaker, and at daybreak we walked into the good city of Boulogne.

"As it became lighter we sallied forth, and obtained from a little distance a view of the column erected to commemorate the preparations of Napoleon and the grand army upon this spot for the invasion of England.

"After we were on board the little steamer, and fairly in the Channel, the clear sky suddenly became overcast, a storm of wind and rain came on, and with it sea-sickness, like a prevailing epidemic, and, as we neared the shore there was a dense mist that tempted some of us to believe that the worst complaints against the climate of England were true, and that it was emphatically the land of fogs. But, as if by a charm, we had scarcely landed at Folkestone when the sun shone out in strange brightness, and we were soon whirling rapidly, by railway, through a beautiful, undulating country, whose pretty country seats, quiet cottages, and fields lined with hedges and luxuriant shrubbery seemed floating by us like a passing vision of some terrestrial paradise. Owing to the climate and the effects of an extremely high state of cultivation, vegetation wears a hue of intense green, and there is a remarkably finished softness to the landscape. We were presented, too, with one of the finest specimens. The county of Kent is often styled the garden of England; but we had scarcely gazed upon it before we were plunged into the smoke and din of busy, interminable London.

"The immediate occasion of this earlier visit was a message received in Paris from kind friends at home, requesting me to represent them at the approaching meeting of the Evangelical Alliance. The history of that extraordinary assemblage is, doubtless, too familiar to need repetition. More than twenty different sects, and more than a thousand Christians from the four quarters of the globe, and speaking several different languages, mingled together for nearly a fortnight in wonderful harmony. It was a touching and beautiful illustration of the identity of the Christian religion under many different forms. Ministers and laymen, gray-headed fathers of the Church universal, and learned divines whose eloquent writings had become familiar household books in distant lands, here gathered on an errand of peace and forgiveness. It seemed like the harbinger of a happier day. Whatever may be the future history of this effort, the assemblage itself is a great fact in favour of the truth of Christianity, which can never be destroyed. No other influence could have so delightfully calmed so many apparently discordant elements.

"After a thorough friendly discussion, almost every important proposition was carried without a dissenting voice. Even in minor matters, there were scarcely even half a dozen hands raised in the negative. Had you not known them previously by reputation, it was commonly impossible to tell the peculiar sect of any of the speakers by what fell from their lips. It was the occasion, too, of delightful interchanges of feeling, generous hospitalities and the formation of cherished friendships that can never be forgotten."

The Military Heroes of the United States. By Charles J. Peterson. 2 vols. Philadelphia. W. A. Leary. 1848.

We like the title of this book as well as its general appearance.

"The Military Heroes" seems to imply that there are other heroes than those of the sword; that peace hath her victories as well as war, and that we have heroes who have never smelt gunpowder, or fleshed their swords in their fellow being's breasts. But perhaps the author only meant by "military" the Army, and to distinguish his heroes from the fighters on a ship's deck. This was probably his intention, for he has only given us the heroes of the field, and not of the ocean. He begins his heroic history at the beginning, and gives us the lives and actions of our heroes of the first, second, and last war.

The work, we understand, was commenced a long while ago, and has been carefully and faithfully written, not for an ephemeral catch-penny, but as a permanent addition to our historical literature. It is very handsomely published, and embellished with a great number of wood cuts, and some thirty steel engravings.

The following extracts will convey a good idea of the author's manner, which is forcible and elegant, without being boisterous

er turgid. This description will possess the greater interest from the recent occurrence of the events described.

"THE BATTLE OF MOLINO DEL REY.

"For this desperate task the first division of regulars, reinforced by Cadwalader's brigade, and a detachment of artillery and dragoons, were selected, and the whole placed under command of General Worth. The force of the assailants numbered three thousand one hundred and fifty-four, of which less than three thousand were infantry, and one hundred artillerymen, the latter having three small field pieces, and two twenty-four pounders. The number of the enemy in the lines, or within sustaining distance, was over ten thousand. His left rested upon and occupied Molino del Rey; his right Casa de Mata. Half way between these two stone buildings, was his field battery, and on each side of this were ranged lines of infantry. The right was composed of fifteen hundred regulars, under General Perez; the left was made up of the National Guards, and was led by General Leon. The intermediate lines, with strong bodies in the rear, were under the command of Santa Anna. The Mexicans were confident of victory, for they knew the Americans to be ignorant of the vast strength of Casa de Mata. On the other hand, Worth was unconscious of the almost impregnable position of the enemy; but resolute, in any event, to succeed. He made his dispositions for the attack with admirable skill, dividing his little force into three columns of assault. The right column, composed of Garland's brigade, and accompanied by two pieces of light artillery under Captain Drum, was to assail Molino del Rey, and was to advance to the attack, covered by the fire of the two twenty-four pounders, placed for this purpose under Captain Huger, on the ridge descending from Tacubaya. The centre column, containing five hundred picked men, led by Major Wright, of the eighth, was to pierce the Mexican centre, and capture the field battery. The left column was commanded by Colonel McIntosh, and consisted of the second brigade, sustained by Duncan's battery; its object was to watch the enemy's left, and support Major Wright, or assail Casa de Mata, as circumstances might require. Cadwalader's brigade was held in reserve, in a position between McIntosh and Huger's battery. Sumner's dragoons were stationed on the extreme left. Such were the dispositions made by Worth, on the night of the 7th, and when the men sank to slumber, it was with the expectation of a bloody morrow. But their worst anticipations fell short of the reality.

"At 3, A. M., on the 8th, the columns were put in motion, and in an hour and a half had taken up their respective positions. The cold grey of early dawn had just begun to show itself faintly in the east when a shot from Huger's battery went whistling over the heads of the troops, and crashing against the sides of Molino del Rey, announced that the battle was commenced. It was not long before the walls were crumbling under the immense battering balls. No sooner did Worth perceive this, than he gave the order for Wright to advance. The storming party instantly rushed forward, led by Captain Mason of the engineers, and Lieutenant Foster. A tremendous fire of artillery greeted them, but in the face of this they pressed on, gained the battery, cut down the men, and were already wheeling the captured guns on the foe, when the latter, perceiving how few were the numbers of the assailants, turned, and poured in from the whole line simultaneous volleys of musketry. It was like the explosion of some gigantic mine. The entire space of four hundred yards between the two forts was a blaze of fire; and when it had passed, scarcely a third of the assaulting column remained on their feet. With wild shouts the Mexicans now poured to the attack, and the Americans were driven from their guns, and hurled bleeding back from the lines. The day, for a moment, seemed lost. At this perilous crisis, Cadwalader, with the right wing of his brigade, accompanied by the light battalion left to cover Huger's battery, arrived to the rescue. The ground beneath was strewn with dead, as thickly as a harvest field with grain; while, through the smoke, the shattered column of Wright was seen recoiling. The roar of the artillery; the rattling of small arms; the plunging of round shot from Chapultepec, and the tumultuous cheers that rose from the Mexicans, who considered themselves already victors, did not, for a second, check the advance of the gallant reserves. They came into action, on the contrary, as resolutely as on parade, the eleventh, under Colonel Graham, leading.

"Never did American soldiers, brave as they have ever been, acquit themselves so heroically as on this day. The duty of the eleventh was to charge the battery, and, at the word of their leader, they raised a hurrah and plunged into the smoke. At every step they passed the dead body of some fellow soldier who had perished in the preceding assault. At every step a comrade fell from the ranks. But the stern voice of their leader, crying, 'close up—forward!' continually urged them on. The batteries in front vomited grape and canister incessantly. Hundreds were already down, and others were falling fast; yet they did not falter, but quickened their pace to a run, their leader waving his sword at their head. He had already received six wounds, and at this moment a ball struck him in the breast, and he fell from his saddle: 'forward, my men,' he cried, with his dying breath

'my word is always forward!' There was a pause at this terrible sight; but then the cry of revenge arose, and, with a shout, heard over all the uproar of the conflict, they rushed upon the enemy's guns. The Mexicans gave way in consternation, appalled by the tremendous huzzas. Lieutenant Tippin, springing on one of the captured pieces, waved his sword for his men to follow; but at this instant a withering fire was opened from some neighbouring housetops that overlooked the battery, and he was forced back. But the check was only for a moment. On came the Americans, cheering and firing: they swept over the lines; they scattered the dismayed foe; they were masters of that part of the field. But they had purchased the victory with the loss of their best officers, and of more than half their men.

"While this terrible struggle had been going on in the centre, one only less sanguinary had been transacting at the right. Here Garland's brigade, sustained by Drum's artillery, assaulted the mill, and, after a desperate contest, drove the Mexicans from this position, and compelled them to take refuge under the guns of Chapultepec. Drum's light battery, and the two heavier pieces of Huger, were now harnessed, and went thundering down the declivity, until they reached the ground lately occupied by the enemy, when, unlimbering, they opened a destructive fire on the fugitives. The Mexicans, breaking their ranks, fled in consternation, the stronger treading down the weaker. The captured cannon were also turned on the flying crowd. Mercy, for that day, had deserted every bosom. The Mexicans, earlier in the combat, had bayoneted the wounded Americans left behind at Wright's repulse, and now, the victors, burning to revenge the slaughter of their comrades, spared none. The air was filled with the cries of the fugitives, the shrieks of the wounded, the hissing of the grape, and the boom of the guns from Chapultepec, rising like trumpet blasts, at intervals in the fight.

"On the American left, meantime, the wave of battle surged wildly to and fro. The attack had been commenced in this quarter by Colonel McIntosh, at the head of the second brigade, who, sustained by the fire of Duncan's battery, moved rapidly down the slope to assault Casa Mata. The advancing column soon coming within the sweep of Duncan's fire, masked his battery, on which he was compelled to cease. The enemy now opened a terrific discharge of small arms. The brigade, nevertheless, pushed forward. Piercer and fiercer gusts of fire swept the intervening space, scorching up the front of McIntosh's column as if it had been grass upon a prairie. One-fourth of the men had already fallen, and yet the foot of Casa Mata was not attained. McIntosh himself was severely wounded. Lieutenant Colonel Scott, pressing on, and refusing to avail himself of cover, was shot dead. 'Stoop behind the wall, they are going to fire,' said one of his officers. 'Martin Scott never stooped,' was the proud reply. At that instant a ball entered his breast; he fell back, and his cap over his heart, expired. The column had now reached the edge of the ditch. But here, to their consternation, they discovered that Casa Mata, instead of being only a common field work, was an old Spanish citadel of stone, surrounded with bastioned intrenchments and impassable ditches. The loss of so many officers, the terrible slaughter in the ranks, and this unexpected obstacle in front, proved too much even for this gallant brigade: it fell into disorder, and retreated hastily to the left of Duncan's battery. As the Americans turned and fled, the Mexicans stepped out on the walls, and delivered a parting volley, while the air rang with the clang of their triumphal music.

"But defeat had met the enemy in another quarter. McIntosh had scarcely moved to the attack, when an immense body of infantry and cavalry was suddenly seen advancing around the end of Casa Mata, opposite to our extreme left, with the obvious intention to charge and cut to pieces the storming party. This was the moment when Duncan had ceased firing in consequence of being masked by McIntosh's column; and he seized the occasion to gallop, with his battery, to the furthest left. As the Mexican cavalry came thundering down, several thousand strong, directly in his front, he opened with grape and canister. At the second round the squadrons broke and fled in disorder. Major Sumner calling on his command to follow, charged the disordered foe, and completed the triumph. Sumner's way led him right in front of Casa Mata, and aware of his danger, he swept by like a whirlwind; but such was the intensity of the enemy's fire, that, though under it but ten seconds, every third saddle in his troop was emptied. Once beyond this peril, he burst like a thunderbolt on the lancers. The enemy, in this quarter, was soon driven beyond reach. But at Casa Mata he was still invulnerable. It was just at this moment that the assault of McIntosh had been repulsed, and, as Duncan turned from witnessing the flight of the lancers, he heard the rejoicings of the foe in the citadel, and saw the third brigade recoiling in confusion. Instantly his guns were turned upon Casa Mata again, whose walls rattled to the shot as if to hail. The enemy's triumph was speedily at an end. Looking over the plain he beheld the Mexican battalions everywhere in flight, and, knowing the citadel to be no longer tenable, he hurried to evacuate it. The Americans were now masters of the field. The conflict had lasted two hours, and been the most sanguinary of the war.

One-third of Worth's command were either killed or wounded; and two of his best regiments were almost totally destroyed. The enemy had lost three thousand men, among them General Leon, the bravest of their leaders. In obedience to his orders, Worth proceeded to destroy the cannon moulds found in the mill, and to blow up Casa Mata; after which, with eight hundred prisoners, he returned to Tacubaya.

"Such was the terrible battle of Molino del Rey."

Truth and Poetry from my Life. The Autobiography of Goethe. Wiley & Putnam. New York.

The American translation of this work, under the editorship of Parke Goodwin, who translated a part of the first volume, has been well received by German readers; the last volume was rendered by J. H. Hopkins, of Vermont. Being translated by different hands, there is, of course, a difference of style in the different parts, which destroys, in a certain degree, the simplicity and completeness of the whole. There has recently been another translation of the Autobiography by John Oxenford, which has been published in London. The American translators accuse him, we believe, of appropriating a part of their labours; but what justice there may be in the accusation, we know not. He could have had no other motive for the act than merely to save the trouble of transcription, and the American translators may well afford to forgive the larceny for the sake of the implied compliment to the merit of their work.

Goethe, like Shakspeare, is above criticism; his depth is like that of the ocean, or the sky, it is so clear, so beautiful and so easily seen into that you always think that you can go to the bottom, but you can never go beyond. As an instance of his simplicity, his naturalness and tenderness of feelings, we make the following extract respecting his sister. Whoever has had a sister whom he loved, will appreciate the delicate beauty of this simple tribute of paternal affection.

GOETHE'S SISTER.

"From such rambling excursions, undertaken partly for pleasure, partly for art, and which could be performed in a short time and often repeated, I was again drawn home, and that by a magnet which always acted upon me strongly: this was my sister. She, only a year younger than I, had lived my whole conscious period of life with me, and was thus bound to me by the closest ties. To these natural causes was added a forcible motive, which proceeded from our domestic position; a father certainly affectionate and well-meaning, but grave, who, because he cherished within a very tender heart, externally, with incredible consistency, maintained a brazen sternness, that he might attain the end of giving his children the best education, and of building up, regulating, and preserving his well-founded house; a mother, on the other hand, as yet almost a child, who first grew up to consciousness with and in her two eldest children; these three, as they looked at the world with healthy eyes, capable of life, and desiring present enjoyment. This contradiction floating in the family increased with years. My father followed out his views unshaken and uninterrupted; the mother and children could not give up their feelings, their claims, their wishes.

"Under these circumstances it was natural that brother and sister should attach themselves close to each other, and adhere to their mother, that they might singly snatch the pleasures forbidden as a whole. But since the hours of solitude and toil were very long compared to the moments of recreation and enjoyment, especially for my sister, who could never leave the house for so long a time as I could, the necessity she felt for entertaining herself with me was still sharpened by the sense of longing with which she accompanied me to a distance.

"And as, in our first years, playing and learning, growth and education, had been quite common to both of us, so that we might well have been taken for twins, so did this community, this confidence, remain during the development of our physical and moral powers. That interest of youth, that amazement at the awakening of sensual impulses which clothe themselves in mental forms, of mental necessities which clothe themselves in sensual images, all the reflections upon these, which obscure rather than enlighten us, as the fog covers over and does not illumine the vale from which it is about to rise, the many errors and aberrations springing therefrom,—all these the brother and sister shared and endured hand in hand, and were the less enlightened as to their strange condition, as the nearer they wished to approach each other, to clear up their minds, the more forcibly did the sacred awe of their close relationship keep them apart.

"Reluctantly do I mention, in general terms, what I undertook to perform, years ago, without being able to accomplish it. As I

lost this beloved, incomprehensible being, but too soon, I felt inducement enough to make her worth present to me, and thus arose in me the conception of a poetic whole, in which it might be possible to exhibit her individuality: but for this no other form could be devised than that of the Richardsonian novels. Only by the minutest detail, by endless particularities which bear vividly all the character of the whole, and as they spring up from a wonderful depth give some feeling of that depth;—only in such a manner would it have been in some degree possible to give a representation of this remarkable personality: for the spring can be apprehended only while it is flowing. But from this beautiful and pious design, as from so many others, the tumult of the world drew me back, and nothing now remains for me but to call up for a moment that blessed spirit, as if by the aid of a magic mirror.

"She was tall, well and delicately formed, and had something naturally dignified in her demeanour, which melted away into a pleasing mildness. The lineaments of her face, neither striking nor beautiful, indicated a character which was not and could not be at union with itself. Her eyes were not the finest I have ever seen, but the deepest, behind which you expected the most; and when they expressed any affection, any love, their brilliancy was unequalled. And yet, properly speaking, this expression was not tender, like that which comes from the heart, and at the same time carries with it something of longing and desire; this expression came from the soul, it was full and rich, it seemed as if it would only give, without needing to receive.

"But what in a manner quite peculiar disfigured her face, so that she would often appear positively ugly, was the fashion of those times, which not only bared the forehead, but, either accidentally or on purpose, did everything apparently or really to enlarge it. Now, as she had the most feminine, most neatly arched forehead, and moreover a pair of strong black eyebrows, and prominent eyes, these circumstances occasioned a contrast, which, if it did not repel every stranger at the first glance, at least did not attract him. She early felt it, and this feeling became constantly the more painful to her, the further she advanced into the years when both sexes find an innocent pleasure in being mutually agreeable.

"To nobody can his own form be repugnant: the ugliest as well as the most beautiful has a right to enjoy his own presence; and as favour beautifies, and every one regards himself in the looking-glass with favour, it may be asserted that every one must see himself with complacency, even if he would struggle against the feeling. Yet my sister had such a decided foundation of good sense, that she could not possibly be blind and silly in this respect; on the contrary, she perhaps knew more clearly than she ought, that she stood far behind her female playfellows in external beauty, without feeling consoled by the fact that she infinitely surpassed them in internal advantages.

"If a lady can be recompensed for the want of beauty, then was she richly so by the unbounded confidence, the regard, and love which all her female friends bore to her; whether they were older or younger, all cherished the same sentiments. A very pleasant society had collected around her; young men were not wanting who knew how to insinuate themselves; nearly every girl found an admirer; she alone had remained without a partner. Indeed, if her exterior was in some measure repulsive, the mind that gleamed through it was also rather repelling than attractive; for the presence of any excellence throws others back upon themselves. She felt this sensibly, she did not conceal it from me, and her love was directed to me with so much the greater force. The case was singular enough. As confidants to whom one reveals a love-affair, actually by genuine sympathy become lovers also, nay, grow into rivals, and at last, perchance, transfer the passion to themselves, so it was with us two; for, when my connexion with Gretchen was torn asunder, my sister consoled me the more earnestly, because she secretly felt the satisfaction of having gotten rid of a rival; and I, too, could not but feel a quiet, half-delicious pleasure, when she did me the justice to assure me that I was the only one who truly loved, understood, and esteemed her. If now, from time to time, my grief for the loss of Gretchen revived, and I suddenly began to weep, to lament, and to act in a disorderly manner, my despair for my lost one awakened in her likewise a similar despairing impatience as to the never-possessings, the failures, and miscarriages of such youthful attachments, that we both thought ourselves infinitely unhappy, and the more so as, in this singular case, the confidants dared not change themselves into lovers."

The British Female Poets: with Biographical and Critical Notices. By George W. Bethune. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 490. Philadelphia. Lindsay & Blakiston.

If the age is prosy, as we hear it continually called, it has unquestionably, a stronger tendency towards poetry than any of its predecessors. Never before, since the art of book-making was discovered, have poets been so honoured, or poetry so much in request, as at the present time. Every day brings out some new

book of poems, or some new book on poets; and as unsaleable, goods are never offered in the markets, it is but fair to believe that these books are bought and read. There is a love of poetry in the age, if there is not the power of poetry in the people. If they cannot make poetry, they can read it. In addition to this work on the female poets of England, by Dr. Bethune, another has been republished by Frederic Rowton, on the same subject greatly inferior, however, to this by Dr. Bethune. Dr. Griswold has nearly ready for the press, a work to be published by Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia, uniform with the "Poets of America," on the "Poetesses of America."

Dr. Bethune thinks, or at least intimates as much, that the development of "female talent" is a peculiarity of our own age, in which opinion we are at issue with him. The talents of women have been developed in all ages, in exactly the same degree with the development of the talents of men. There were poets among women as long ago as the days of Deborah, and heroines from the beginning of time. Heroes and heroines, poets and poetesses, made their appearance together. God created man, male and female. The same relative degree of excellence has always existed in the two from the outset. Adam and Eve left the garden of Eden, hand-in-hand, in equal conditions, and so they have continued to the present day, and so they must continue to the end of time. The Male and the Female will be two united halves while the race continues upon the earth, in spite of all legislative laws and essays on the rights of woman. The rights of woman! This is a favourite phrase among a certain class of self-called reformers; but woman has no rights which are not man's rights, as well. What they mean by the rights of woman, are the wrongs of man. But we are wandering from our subject. But let us see what Dr. Bethune says on this matter.

"In all pertaining to the affections, which constitute the best part of human nature, we readily confess her superiority; it is, therefore, consistent with her character that the genius of women should yield peculiar delight when its themes are love, childhood, the softer beauties of creation, the joys or sorrows of the heart, domestic life, mercy, religion, and the instincts of justice. Hence her excellence in the poetry of the sensibilities. There are instances of her boldly entering the sphere of man, and asserting strong claims to share the honours of his sterner engagements; but the *Daciers*, *De Staels*, and *Hannah More*s, are variations from the rule prescribed by a wise Providence. The much-vexed question as to the superiority of male or female intellect, is one that should never be discussed, because the premises are so different that it can never be settled. As well might we compare the vine, with its curling tendrils, its broad-leaved convolutions and delicious clusters, to the oak, that is destined for the architrave or the storm-daring ship. The trees of the forest go down before the tempest; the vine lives on, to cover with foliage the ruin of the shaft around which it twined. We are pained to see a woman toiling in the sun or the cold; but what were man's labour worth, if he had no home where woman reigned in her realm of affection? Yet within that home are trials, cares, duties, and difficulties, to which only woman's tact, conscience, and endurance are equal. Faith is the highest exercise of reason, hope the best practice of faith; but charity is the greatest of the three; and we do woman honour when we consider charity, in its widest sense, as peculiarly her attribute."

Our author probably thinks rightly upon the subject, but there is the mystical tone of the tabernacle about what he says, that makes his meaning rather indistinct.

The following are our author's remarks on the infelicities which have so often destroyed the domestic happiness of literary women:

"In what way shall we account for this. Statistical analogy will not suffer a belief that Providence assigns to literary women worse husbands than to those of any other class; yet, certainly a far greater proportion of literary wives have asked our sympathy for their sorrows. Perhaps *Æsop's* moral, that 'the lions have no painters,' has some application here; as we usually get but one side of the story; and it is difficult to impeach the justice of complaints breathed forth in eloquent numbers. There are also, doubtless, many cases in which the unhappiness was the occasion of making the authoress. A happy wife and mother, cheerfully busy in her well ordered household, has little leisure and less in-

clination to solicit the notice of the world beyond her threshold, leaving us ignorant of 'the sweet *Sappho* in a housewife lost.' Quintilian says, that Gracchi 'owed their eloquence as much as their birth to their mother;' nor can we doubt that there is many a Cornelia in our own more fortunate times, who can point to her sons and say, 'these are my nooks:' for few mothers, however successful in its practice, have written upon the theory of education, while scores of unmarried ladies have elaborated tomes to prove the truth of the Scotch proverb: 'Maidens' bairns are a' weel guided.' Servants may be governed by kindly discretion, and family tables made elegant with savory viands, by those who have never written essays on domestic common-wealths, like Miss Sedgwick, or a cookery book like Miss Leslie. Besides, the harmony of married life depends very much upon a due proportion of character in the husband and wife. A man is ordinarily satisfied with affectionate gentleness from his chosen partner, and if she makes him happy asks no more; a woman seeks for similar kindness, but also for distinction in her husband. When, therefore, a woman of talent finds herself linked to a dull, prosaic mortal, incapable of appreciating the high-wrought sentiments which fan the fires of genius, and only known to the world as the one sue has dignified with the matronly prefix, it is not difficult to guess that her disgust will soon be manifested, and provoke harshness in return, until each sighs for a quiet 'dinner of herbs on the housetop.' This tendency may be increased by exalted ideas of a husband's devotion, and the paradisaical delights of wedded love, such as are seldom found except in some sun-lighted mansion of cloud. The gates of Eden are still shut against our Eves and Adams. Dinners do not grow 'spontaneous on umbrageous trees,' nor flower-beds suffice for comfortable couches; but kitchens and laundries are among the consequences of the fall. The Adam who has been toiling all day, digging the illiberal earth, with the sweat on his face, is but too apt, at evening, to crave a refreshment more substantial than fruits of the imagination; and though his Eve be a tenth muse, if she be nothing less supernatural, the chances are that they may both taste the bitter 'fruit of the knowledge of evil.' Poor Phillis Whealsey, the sable poetess of Boston, after supping with Horace at his Sabine farm, broke her heart because her brute of a husband insisted upon her learning more domestic accomplishments; and it is doubtless true, that the restlessness of genius, its impatience of steady rules, its morbid sensitiveness have unfitted many a woman in higher life for the every day and every hour exactions of home. Flattery is as necessary to an author as oil to a lamp; and the contrast between the brilliant *conversazione*, when she was incensed with applauses, and the dullness of her own fireside, is a severe trial of her domestic virtues. Public exhibition of any kind rarely fails to impair the feminineness, which is the true *cestus* of woman's power over man's heart; and it were as easy to pass through a furnace seven times, heated without harm, as through an acclaiming crowd. Some there are who have endured the ordeal and not a smell of fire lingered on the garments: but an angel was with them in the flames. These remarks are not made in a spirit of unfeeling censure toward those gifted women, whose trials of heart have been made sadly illustrious by their talent; not a few of whom deserve, as they receive, unqualified sympathy; but it is hardly fair to make their remarkable experience, in every case, the fault only of their husbands. At least we may suspect some of them of imprudence in their choice, or of mismanagement afterwards.

It is certainly remarkable on the other hand, that, when literary woman have been united to men of similar tastes (as the everlasting Duchess of Newcastle; delightful Mary Howitt, who calls her husband 'my literary associate for more than a quarter of a century, and my best friend;' and she, who changed a name which thousands had loved her by, to be the gentle nurse of Southey's declining years), their intellectual pursuits only served to enhance the charms of their homes. Habits of authorship cannot in themselves be unfavourable to woman's healthfulness of body or mind, as the extreme old age which many of them, especially those who have been unmarried or a long time widows, show; for example, Miss Carter, Mrs. Grant, Hannah More, the 'octogenarian' coquette, Mrs. Piozzi, who passed the mortal limit of fourscore; Miss Edgeworth, Miss Porter, and Joanna Baillie, who yet live. The moral of the whole is, that genius is not necessarily incompatible with a woman's happiness, particularly if it be governed by common sense."

The prominent fault of female poetical writers is an unwillingness to apply the pruning knife and the pumice-stone. They write from impulse, and rapidly as they think. The strange faculty, which women have, of reaching conclusions (and, in the main, safe conclusions), without the slow process of reasoning through which men have to pass; the strong moral instincts with which their nature is endowed, far above that of the other sex; their keen and discerning sensibility to the tender, the beautiful, and luxuriant, render them averse to critical restraints. With the exception of Joanna Baillie and Mrs. Tighe, scarcely any of them seem to have inverted their pen. As the line came first to the brain, so it was written; as it was written, so it was printed. Mrs. Heman's melody was as much improvisation as Miss Lan-

don's; Mrs. Butler disdains to chip off her roughest corners; Mrs. Norton exults in the swiftness of her strength, and Miss Barrett glories in her expedients to save time, though they be false rhymes or distorted syllables. A due degree of condescension to take more pains would have gained for either of these ladies an increase of excellence, which even their genius might covet."

Brothers & Sisters. A Tale of Domestic Life. By Fredericka Bremer. Translated from the original unpublished Manuscript by Mary Howitt.

A new novel from Fredericka Bremer, translated by Mary Howitt, is a wind-fall to novel readers in this country during the hot months, when so many have nothing to do but to while away the time in the country, or to travel in steam-boats, and lie down in shady places, and dream away life. "Brothers and Sisters" is, like all of Miss Bremer's novels, a domestic story, and abounds in those oddities of female character which she sketches so happily. It is superior to the "Neighbours," and, we think, will prove the most popular of all her works. The motive of the work is family affection, which is most beautifully displayed in the conduct of the story and in the character of the Dalberg family. It is strange that no novelist has heretofore worked up so beautiful a theme as fraternal love, but Miss Bremer has now shown how it can be done, and there will be enough to follow her. Genius leads and talent follows in novel-writing, as in everything else. But, let us introduce the Dalberg's to our readers.

"See first in the midst of this family group that quiet, gentle female form. This is its heart. That is sister Hedvig. This sister-form you may have met with many a time on the earth, but never more beautiful than here.

"Yet sister Hedvig is not beautiful. Many persons, at the first glance, would call her plain. Her complexion is without colour; the whole figure without brilliancy. But that well developed form; easy in every movement; that pure forehead, the expression in the calm, moon-light eyes; a certain harmony in the whole demeanour, manner, voice, dress, make her beautiful in my eyes. It was a Vestal-like form, not the pagan, stern Vestal, before whom victors walked with naked axes, whose office was to guard the sacred fire, while she herself was cold, dead to all love. She is a Christian Vestal, who preserves the sacred fire burning because she loves, because it burns first in her own heart.

"People talk a deal about the mother, she, namely, who gives birth to the world; she is honoured and exalted; but they overlook, often despise—the other mother, the guardian, the teacher, the nurse, who often is more the mother than she who bears the name. And how many sisters endure, as does this sister Hedvig, all a mother's pain and anxiety, without her praise and her joy!"

The Dalbergs are a large family; Augustin and Hedvig are the favourites of the authoress, but she takes delight, too, in a younger sister, a wild creature of seventeen, named Gothilda. The following extract of a letter which she writes to one of her friends reveals some of her oddities.

"My Seraphim,—I am in my very worst temper, vexed, angry, tired, provoked with myself, everybody, and the whole world! I must break out upon something—must break something to pieces;—glass and porcelain won't serve my turn—it must be steel—iron, a bar of iron! I would thunder in the world, and on all the fiends that are in it, with a Thor's club—I would do—I don't rightly know what!—I have quarrelled with everybody, and have ended with growing desperate against myself, and that which made me. I don't believe that it was our Lord, at least not alone—somebody else was with him in the plot. I suspect also that I have not been regularly and properly christened—the heathenish mind is so very powerful with me—sometimes—and I shall just examine our honourable Dr. Lund on the subject, when he comes here to marry Engel and Uno. And then—to christen a poor, sinful human creature to virtue; that is, indeed, to tempt our Lord and—the Evil one also, and to give folks such claims on one's excellence. Well, I have taken care that they should not do this with me!" * * * *

"Can you show me either a God or a Devil?" was said, as I have heard, by a blind man who was reckoned foolish, (but who I think was very wise!) and who continually stood silently looking up to heaven, even at night. Yes, good or evil, that is an honest and a clear game. But now a-days everything runs together, and has a little of everything. From this comes confusion and uncertainty. And here in the family, where people wish to be so Christian, and so reasonable, things are turned on the one side and on the other, and people stand choosing and deliberating between worthy and unworthy, and so they never come to a

decision. It is so with *monseer* Siguard. I, for my part, don't like him, and I tell him so openly, even to his face. I think that a bold, open enmity is better than an uncertain, lukewarm friendship. That is the old pagan in me, you think of a certainty. That may very well be the case, my Seraphim, but—I cannot help it. I say with uncle Herkules, 'Friend or enemy! then it is clear.' But now a-days everything runs into another, and that I don't like. My adage is 'everything or nothing.'

The book is full of household romance and fraternal love, and will be read with interest by all who have ever known the delights of family concord. We must close our brief notice with a few words from a conversation between Augustin and Hedvig.

"Hedvig then said, 'It is, however, sorrowful when husbands and wives think differently on the highest and most important questions of life. They then can never properly become one!'

"No," replied Augustin, 'not in all belief, all hope, but truly so in the one needful—in all love. And know you Hedvig? since I have more closely observed differences of opinion in the world, and have become acquainted with excellent men of great dissimilarity of views in religion, politics, and science, I have arrived at the conviction, that these differences—which often are merely like different boughs of the same tree—have their foundation in the designs of the Almighty with regard to us and life. He allows people to be born with dissimilar organs and under dissimilar influences, in order that they may take hold of the dissimilar sides of life and truth, and that thus, by means of them, the whole, manifold substance of truth may be developed, like links in the great chain of thought, the preparatory theses and anti-theses to the great synthesis.'

"And it is precisely these differences which ought rightly to embrace, to advance, and to develop the only unity, in which we all can fully become one, and become one with God. People say so much about unity. But I do not trouble myself with respect to any unbounded unity, any unity of form or appearance. Let us, in Heaven's name, be different. The combat is not the evil. It arouses, and causes development. Bitterness and dishonesty in the combat are evil. And they must be done away with. The important thing is that we are honest, and in earnest in our search after truth; honest and chivalrous towards one another. Thus may we hope, upon whatever side of the question, or the conviction, we may find ourselves, that we may be instrumental in the hands of Providence for the advancement of his world-plan."

A BATCH OF BOOKS.—We are too much cribbed for room, too much cramped for time, to review all the new publications of the month. Life is too short to read everything, and time too fleeting to write out even the titles in full of all the works that come out. "Works!" So they are works, in every sense, every one is an *opus magnum*, of course. It must have been as hard work to write the greater part of them, as it is to read them. If any believe that a book can be got into the world without a good deal of hard work, it is because the person so believing has never had any experience in the matter. Every book is a work, you may be sure, even though it be only one of Mr. Headley's histories, or one of his rival's, Mr. Lippard's romances. As Lord Byron said,

"A book's a book although there's nothing in't."

The author must work hard who produces it, whether he works by proxy like Dumas, or with his own hands, brains and eyes like ourselves; whether he use pen and ink, or only scissors and paste; whether he compiles or invents, whether he rhymes or proses; whether he gets up dramas for the stage, or articles for Magazines, or items for a newspaper; it is all work, and work, too, of the most trying, wearisome, brain exhausting, nerve-destroying, heart-breaking and body-withering kind. Some people are continually lamenting the fate of the slaves of the South, praying for the heathen, getting up "Homes" for unfortunate women, for dissolute sailors, and fatherless children; but nobody laments for the poor wretch who gets up "works;" nobody prays for him; and as for a "home" for him, he is not thought entitled to a home. But, we shall get away from our subject if we once indulge in a strain like this.

We began with a batch of books, because the publications of the month have so grown upon us, accumulated into such a heap, a very Parnassus of books, that we are driven to the

necessity of lumping them. We must take them as they come to hand, and give to each as many good words as we can.

A Panoramic View from Bunker Hill Monument.—A very neatly got up, thin, square volume, which contains a handsomely engraved panoramic view from the granite pillar on Bunker Hill. This neat booklet is published by Redding & Co., of Boston. The drawing was made by R. P. Mallory, and the engraving by James S. Smilie.

The Practical Book of Composition.—This is another square thin volume, or rather booklet; we like the dimensions, and the plan of the book, which cannot be guessed at by reading the title. The author is Edward A. Morgan, a teacher in Abbot's Institution, New York; his object is to teach the elemental truths of astronomy, by setting his pupils to drawing diagrams. The design is good, and the execution of the book creditable. It is published by Clark, Austin & Co., New York.

Angela. A Novel. In two parts.—Here is another new novel by the author of "Emilia Wyndham," and "Two Old Men's Tales." The author has dedicated it to "A Generous Public," and to "Those Generous Critics," "whose indulgence, &c." What a mistake it is in this genial author to suppose that there is such a thing as generosity either in the public or critics, for books and their authors! Mercy is shown towards everything but books, they are looked upon without a spark of generosity, and judged solely according to their merits. If their "vein be good," as Southey says, they will be well treated, but if not they will be utterly rejected, cast aside, trodden upon as remorselessly as though they were worms. Let no author deceive himself with the thought that the public, and above all the critical part of it have exercised towards him or his productions the shadow of a generous feeling. Let the gratified author who has seen his works running through edition after edition, heard them praised by everybody, and gazed upon them in public libraries, and book-sellers windows, dedicate his volume to the generous paper dealer, the generous printer, or the generous publisher, through whose aid he has been enabled to achieve immortality and fill his purse; but let him not run away with the idea that he owes anything to a "generous public," or to "generous critics." Such beings only live in the imagination of novices and recluses. "Angela" is a novel worth reading. There is something more than mere amusement to be got out of it. It is published very handsomely by the Messrs. Harper & Brothers, at the low price of 37½ cents a volume. Common as novels are, and "every day brings forth a new one," it is not a little remarkable that somebody has not published a manual with rules for making them. Something of the sort, it strikes us, might be done, and novels and romances might be produced *secundem artem*, to order. One of the very funny writers for Blackwood did, last month, give a very good specimen of what might be done by a regular novel-maker in a burlesque romance, of the Professor Ingraham school, called the "Inca and his Bride." It professes to be written by two persons in alternate chapters, neither having any knowledge of what the other had written, and both profoundly ignorant of the Inca, and the period and customs of the time in which the incidents of the story are laid. The following is an extract from this work:

"THE RUBICON OF PERU."

"It was the sunny dawn of a tropical morning. The sea had just ebbed, leaving a vast expanse of white sand studded with strange parti-coloured shells, between the primeval forest which formed the boundary of the ocean verge, and the heavy line of breakers which plashed sullenly along the shore. One vessel, partially dismantled, and bearing tokens of the recent storm, was riding at anchor beyond the outer ridge; another lay in hopeless wreck, a black and broken hulk, upon the beach. Her timbers were stove in, her bulwarks swept away; the once stately Estremadura would never more walk the waters like a thing instinct with beauty and with life.

"Upwards of three hundred hardy and bronzed veterans occupied the beach. In the countenances of some might be traced that sullen expression which is the result of absolute

despair. Others used vehement gesticulations, attempting apparently to convince their comrades of the propriety of adopting some strong and dangerous resolution. Others, who were either more used to peril, or more indifferent to consequences, were playing at games of chance, as composedly as if, instead of being on a foreign shore, they were willing away the tedium of an hour in their dear but distant Spain.

"Two men, who seemed by their garb and bearing to be the leaders, were walking apart from the others. The eldest, a tall gaunt man, whose forehead was seamed with the furrows of many years, appeared to be dissuading his companion from some enterprise which the younger eagerly urged. Ever and anon he stopped, pointed with his finger to the gigantic woods which stretched inward as far as the eye could see, and shook his head in token of dissent and discouragement."

"I tell thee, Pizarro, it is madness, sheer madness!" said he. "The foot of man has never yet penetrated that howling wilderness, from which all last night there issued sounds that might have chilled the bravest heart with terror. Even could we hope to penetrate alive through its zone, what thinkest thou lies beyond? I see in the distance a chain of dark and gloomy mountains, upon whose summits the sun never shines, so thick are the clouds that obscure them; and I fear me that, could we reach their top, we should but look down upon the frightful abyss that is the uttermost boundary of the world!"

"Pshaw, Don Gonzalez! I did not think thou hadst been so weak as to believe in such fables. Be the end of the world where it may, never let it be said that, so long as one rood of land remains unexplored, the bold Spanish Buccaneers shrank from their appointed task. But I know that it is not so. Beyond yon dusky ridge there are valleys as rich as ever basked in the glory of the sun—fields more fertile than any in Spain—cities that are paved with silver and with gold. I have seen them, old man, many and many a time in my dreams; and, by Santiago, I will not forego their conquest!"

"Thou hast said the truth unwittingly, Pizarro," replied the other. "These are indeed dreams, the coinage of a visionary brain, and they will lure thee on to ruin. Bethink thee—even were it as thou supposest—were El Dorado separated from us only by yon colossal barriers of nature, how could we achieve its conquest with a handful of broken men? Those valleys thou speakest of, if they do exist, must be peopled—the cities will be strong and garrisoned. Men build not that which they are utterly unable to defend; and our force, heaven help us! is scarce strong enough to capture a village."

"Listen!" said Pizarro, and he laid his hand on the arm of the other. "I am not a learned man, as thou knowest, but something have I seen and heard. I have seen thirty determined men hold their own at point of pike against an army. I have seen thirty horsemen scatter thousands of the barbarians like chaff; and have we not more than thirty here? Nay, listen further. I have heard that in the old time, when a land called Greece was assailed—it might have been by the Saracens—three hundred stalwart cavaliers, under the leadership of one Don Leonidas, did, trusting in the might of Our Lady and Saint Nicolas, hold at bay many thousands of the infidel scum; for which good service to this day there are masses sung for their souls. And trow ye that we, with the same number, cannot hold our own against heathen who never yet saw lance glitter, axe smite, nor listened to the rattle of a corselet? Out upon thee, old man! thy blood is thin and chill, or thou wouldst speak less like a shaveling, and more like a belted Castilian!"

A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land. By Lamartine.

People who yet lack a complete idea of the individuality of Lamartine, the poet-revolutionist, may learn more of the quality of his mind, from these two handsome volumes, which have been just republished by Appleton, than by reading any of the sketches of his character, or the details of his acts, that have been written since last February.

Webster's Diplomatic and Official Papers.

In this volume of 392 pages are the important official papers which passed between Mr. Webster and foreign representatives while he was Secretary of State. Although an exceedingly serviceable compilation for certain "red-tape" authors, they contain but little that can interest the seeker after knowledge or amusement, unless amusement can be derived from the pompous solemnities of Ambassadors and Government Authorities, which, we must confess, have the same effect upon us that the gravity of monkeys has; but we do the monkeys an injustice by the comparison, for their gravity is natural to them, and honest; while the solemn airs of statesmen are the flimsiest disguises that were even thrown over the triflings of human ambition. The best part

of the book is the report of our great Senator's defence of his official conduct after he returned to the Senate, for then he was sincere and honest in what he said. The volume is embellished with a portrait of Mr. Webster, engraved in the line manner, by Cheney & Dodson, from a miniature by Stagg. It is the most highly finished portrait engraving that has ever been published in this country, and as a resemblance to the distinguished subject is the best that we have yet seen. Messrs Harper & Brothers are the publishers of this volume.

Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest; with Anecdotes of their Courts, &c. By Agnes Strickland.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have published the 12th volume of this popular history, which reaches to the times of Queen Anne. It is somewhat remarkable that the golden days of English literature have been those which have acknowledged the sway of a woman. The age of Elizabeth, and the age of Queen Anne, produced the greatest authors of England; and we are not sure but that the age of Victoria will be hereafter regarded as worthy of being ranked with the other queenly eras of English authorship. To the mere literary gourmand the times of Queen Anne form the most interesting period of English literary history. The nation seemed more English under her government, than it was under the Stuarts, who always had the look and manners of foreigners, or under the Brunswickers, who are incurably Dutch and great enemies of "boets and bainters," as George the first called the unfortunates who, in his time, attempted to live by their wits, or by enlightening their fellow creatures. "If beebles will be boets and bainters let them starve," said the royal dunderhead. But not so said good Queen Anne. Poets and painters did not starve in her time, but thrived remarkably well. It would have been sufficient glory for her reign to have produced Swift; there were Pope, Addison, Swift, Steele and Gay; besides innumerable smaller lights whose brilliance still illumines the world of letters. It was only in the age of Queen Anne, that Sir Roger de Coverly could have been born. Yet Queen Anne was a very ordinary woman, who loved domestic quiet, and had no aversion to a drop of something to drink. She never interfered with her subjects, but let them rule the roost according to their own inclinations, and hence the thorough nationality of the people during her Queenship. They had an opportunity to expand on their own soil.

The Architect. Vol. 2, No. 3. By W. H. Ranlett. Published by W. H. Graham. New York. 1848.

We have already, in a previous number of our Review, given our high estimate of the beauty and utility of this most admirable work. The aim of the author is a noble one—to beautify and render comfortable the common dwellings of the people. His designs are picturesque, well adapted to the exigencies of the climate, and the manners of the people; they are drawn with exceeding neatness and precision, and very beautifully lithographed. The dissemination of such a work as this is calculated to be beneficial in the highest degree to the people, and we shall be most happy to be the means of bringing so deserving a publication more extensively into notice. The designs in the number before us are of a light and graceful character—one is for a Persian Villa, designed for N. P. H. Barrett, Esq. of Staten Island; the site on which it is to be erected is one of the most beautiful in the neighbourhood of New York—Clove-Wood Hill—a short distance from the landing at Port Richmond. The style of the building admirably harmonizes with the scenery, which has an aspect of beauty and cheerfulness rarely equalled. The view from Clove-Wood Hill is remarkably fine, embracing some of the prettiest villages and most beautiful Villas in the country, and the Villa itself will be a conspicuous object in the scene of which it makes a part.

We copy the following remarks from the Architect, on giving names to country seats.

"The graceful custom of giving a distinct name to country seats and Cottages, we are happy to see, is becoming as common here as it is in England. A place in the country, though it be ever so small, seems to derive a new charm from being called by a name of its own, either after some natural peculiarity of the soil, or some event connected with the history of the owner, or some local tradition.

In a sparsely settled country, the owner's own name may be sufficient to designate his home by, as there is not the same danger of confusion from having two neighbours of the same family name; although even in such cases it would be better to give a country seat or farm, a particular name, because removals are so common that the place that might to-day be known as Smith's, would to-morrow be called Brown's, or Thompson's. There are many places in England which have become classical, that would be unknown if they were called after the names of their occupants. "Strawberry Hill," "The Leasowes," "Font Hill," "Charlecote Hall," "Abbotsford," "Penshurst," and hundreds of other names of English houses, are as familiar to Americans as "Mount Vernon," "The Hermitage," or "Ashland." The residences of our southern statesmen are known by their appellations, while those of our northern men of eminence are undistinguished by peculiar designations. The Hermitage is known as the residence of President Jackson, but the fine old mansion of the sage of Quincy, is only known as Mr. Adams' house. It may next year be called Mr. Williams', and the historic interest which attaches to it from having been the residence of a philosopher and a statesman, would be in a degree destroyed. Mr. Webster has a noble country seat in Massachusetts, which might become famous in history if it had a name of its own, but as Mr. Webster's house it will hardly be known beyond the neighbourhood in which it is situated.

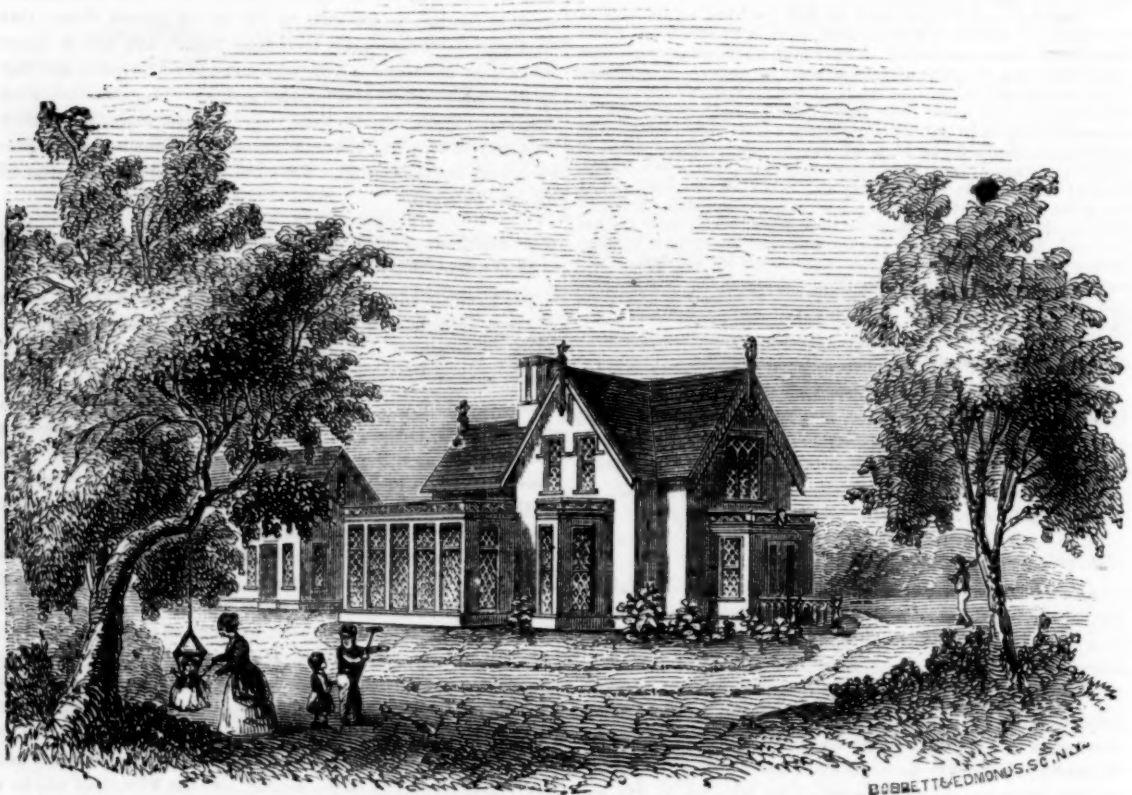
Names of country seats should have a local significance, or at least they should be peculiar. The English are fond of preserving their old Saxon names, and many of their old parks and halls are called by names which to us have a very homely sound. But these are infinitely better than fancy names which always savour of affectation. It would hardly be possible to find an acre of land which did not possess some peculiarity from which a significant and peculiar name might be formed. People often bestow sweet-sounding names upon their places, without thinking of their appropriateness. Thus, we have seen, "Rose hills," which could

make no boast of roses; "Brieries," which were not briery; "Bellevues," without views of any kind, and "Willow-brooks," destitute of both brooks and willows.

There are an infinite variety of natural objects, the names of which have never been employed for such purposes, that might with great propriety be applied to country seats, so that no one need tax his imagination very heavily to invent a distinctive appellation for his house. But this is something which must be left to private taste. There is no law but that of taste to prevent a gentleman calling his country seat "The Elms," or "Rose Hill," or "Willow Brooks," notwithstanding that they have already been used for such purposes some thousands of times. There is no patent for names. The Indian traditions of the country might furnish some novel and fine sounding names for the country seats in the neighbourhood of our cities, where it is more difficult than in the newly settled parts of our country to apply a name without taking one that has already been appropriated. It is very singular that while the changes have been so often rung upon "The Oaks," "The Pines," "The Ceders," and "the Willows," no one has thought of using the name of such indigenous trees as the Persimmon, the Pepperidge and the Locust. Mr. Van Buren has called his place after the Linden, which is a very beautiful tree, but not a native. The Poplar has never been popular among names. A class of names has been very popular for country houses, which have a moral sense, and imply some peculiarity of feeling in the original proprietor; as, "Fame's Retreat," "Wiston's Rest," "Morton's Hope," &c. Such names are objectionable, because they are always adapted to the circumstances of the resident. "Morton's Hope," might become "Jones' Despair;" "Fame's Retreat," might be converted into a house of call, and "Wiston's Rest," anything but a rest to somebody else. But a "Sunny Side," would always be sunny, a "Green Bank," would always be green, and a "Flat Lands," always flat.

But this disquisition on the naming of places is not, strictly speaking, a part of our business, which is to give the designs for houses, and not furnish them with names.

As a specimen of Mr. Ranlett's architectural taste, we give below a view of his pretty cottage on Staten Island, which he built for his own occupancy.



TOPICS OF THE MONTH.



What could have been said more true than this in regard to time's changes. Nature always remains the same; her works never decay, or they decay but to be renewed. Shenstone's own seat, the world-renowned Leasowes, near Windsor, of which all Americans have read, but few have visited, is a remarkable verification of the truth of what we have quoted. The temples, views, and statues which he set up in his favourite gardens, have all gone to decay; they have crumbled away, and are now but melancholy memorials of their once owner; but the trees which he planted still flourish, green and glorious; the little saplings which had but begun to put out their tender leaves when he was laid in the earth, have now become great trees. In Windsor Park, not far from the Leasowes, is a beautiful little lake surrounded by trees and flowers, called Virginia Water.

In 1776, Duke William of Cumberland was rewarded, for his services at Culloden, by the ranger'ship of Windsor Great Park, and the official residence since known as Cumberland Lodge. Not far from this residence was a wild, swampy district, whose waters drained into a basin of considerable dimensions, and then flowed on to the Thames at Chertsey. The Duke wanted occupation in this his solitude. Tradition says that some of his amusements were not of the most creditable kind, and that a paltry Chinese temple, which still stands at the head of the lake, was not wholly dedicated to "Contemplation, heavenly maid!" The royal "butcher," however, was not entirely sensual or cruel. His vices were, probably, as much exaggerated by political hostility and popular scandal, as his personal appearance. He was a large, unwieldy man. Horace Walpole, who calls him "Nolke-jumskoi," describes his visit to Strawberry Hill, by saying, "It should have figured him like Gulliver cutting down some of the largest oaks in Windsor Forest, to make joint-stools in order to

EVERYTHING by turns, and nothing long, is the motto of the times; since the day when the first great change occurred in the world by the eating of that disastrous apple which brought sin into the world, and with it milliners and mantuamakers, there has not been such an age of changes as the present. All the social and political elements of the world are stirred up. Fate is continually rattling her dice-box, and at every new throw startles the world by the unexpectedness of the cast; or she is shuffling her cards, and cutting continually, kings, queens and knaves. Every time the sun rises the world wears a different appearance to what it did when he set. The Scriptural saying, "we know not what a day may bring forth," was never so true as now. In looking over our memoranda to pick out the prominent topics of the month, we have found so many great events jotted down that our tablets have the appearance of an index to a general history of the world. The overthrow of empires, the flights of kings, the revolutions of parties, the decrees of peace, the changes of dynasties. All these things have occurred during the past month, and each has been a prominent topic, with a thousand minor topics involved. The history of ten days now, would make as large a book as Louis Blanc's History of Ten Years.

A short time since a monthly publication was commenced in London, called "The Topic;" each number of which was occupied with the prevailing topic of the month; but topics have so multiplied, and important themes become so abundant, that the proprietors have had to give up the work in despair, from the impossibility of determining what is the "topic of the month." For ourselves, we are more fortunate, inasmuch as our plan admits of topics, and we can select those that are likely to be most agreeable to our readers, and which we find most convenient to ourselves.

Shenstone has said, with great truth, "The works of a person that builds begin immediately to decay; while those of him who plants begin directly to improve. In this planting promises a more lasting pleasure than building," straddle over the battlements, and peep in at the windows of Lilliput."

Virginia Water is now a beautiful little lake, with an artificial cascade, and all manner of small artificialities intended to please the family of the Queen; the following cut is a view on this toy-like lake.



In the time of George IV. it contained a little imitation man-of-war brig, and other trifles; but all these have been removed, and the trees having grown to a considerable size, something of its artificial look has been destroyed. Such a lake as this appears like a very small affair to an American, who has been accustomed to the stupendous cataracts, immense lakes, and hoary forests of his own land. But Nature can never be made to look little. Where there are trees, and clouds, and water, there will always be an air of grandeur, and Washington Irving felt inspired

in the mazes of Windsor Forest, to write one of his most beautiful Essays. The following cut shows the tiny cataract of Virginia Water, and although it is an artificial arrangement, like the pile of rocks in the Bowling Green Fountain, which some of the admirers of rude nature, who dwell near the Battery, have collected together for their gratification, yet the rocks and the water and the spray of the fall is as white and graceful, and the gushing, gurgling sound of the water is as sweet as though it were all the accident of Nature and not the arrangement of mens' hands.



A writer in a recent English publication says:—"We would think pleasantly of the memory of Duke William of Cumberland; for this beautiful Virginia Water was unquestionably his creation. He had the merit of seeing the genius of Paul Sandby, whom he patronized as a draughtsman when Sandby was a mere boy. Sandby was the landscape-gardener of Virginia Water. He had large materials to deal with, and he used them with a bold and masterly hand. The name of the place was an ambitious one. The little lake and the gentle fir-clad banks have no real associations with the boundless forests where the first adventurers of the Anglo Saxon stock carried the power of civilization. We receive the name simply as expressive of silence and solitude, amidst woods and waters. If we surrender ourselves to the genial influences of nature, we may find as deep enjoyment on the margin of this artificial lake and the "alleys green" of these woods, as the wandering traveller experiences on the banks of the Potomac, or in the passes of the Appalachian hills.

"Great princes have great playthings. We recollect Virginia Water before George IV. and William IV. here amused themselves with little playthings. That Chinese fishing temple, which the genius of incongruity stuck up here in the very prettiest nook of this water, is out of place in these solitudes. The baby brig, which the Sailor King built to guard this miniature sea, is another inharmonious toy. And last of all, the ruins! Grecian capitals on Egyptian shafts; the spoils of the Nile and the Ilyssus huddled together in a forced companionship! *Real* ruins, removed from the sites to which they belong, are the worst species of exotics. The tale which they tell of their old grandeur is quite out of harmony with their modern appropriation. We can look with an antiquarian pleasure upon a capital in a cabinet; but a shaft or two perched up in a modern pleasure ground produces a ludicrous struggle between the feeling of the true and the artificial, and a sort of pitiable scorn of the petty vanity of the living, which snatches the ruins of the dead from the hallowed spot where time or the barbarian has crumbled them into nothingness, to administer to a sense of what is pretty and *merely* picturesque. A *real* ruin is a solemn thing, when it stands upon the site where it has defied the elements for centuries in its pomp and glory; but a mock ruin—a fiction of plaster and paint,—or a collection of

fragments brought over sea, to be joined together in something like an imitation of their awful decay, are baubles."

We give one more cut representing another part of this artificial lake. It shows how nature may be improved by art; for if the trees had not been planted, and the weeds and rushes removed, instead of a beautiful lake, this spot would have remained until now a noxious marsh whose exhalations would have bred fevers and agues; but now its air is healthful, and its aspect gives delight.



All Literature is at a discount during the hot months, except that kind which is called "light," because it always contrives to float on the surface of time; heavy literature is only endurable when the weather is cold, and the nerves are firmly strung. It requires a good deal of fortitude to endure a bore with composure, whether it comes in the shape of a book or a visitor, and in the mid-summer when anything heavier than a rose leaf, or more exciting than an ice cream, produces lassitude, heavy books should be avoided like the miasma of stagnant water. The best reading for hot weather is the literature of the Magazines, which is generally light and pleasing, and if it produces no immediate good, is sure to produce no particular harm; next to the Magazines, it is safest to take in hand old books that have been tried and approved by our ancestors. Putnam, of Broadway, is getting up in beautiful style, to be published in September, a new edition of Knickerbocker's History of New York, one of the few humorous books which American literature can boast of. Washington Irving is still living in the midst of us, a hearty, hale, good natured bachelor, with undiminished powers as a writer, although he rarely gives anything to the press. It is understood that he has completed a Life of Washington, which is to be illustrated by the artist Chapman, and will probably soon be published. The Day Book, a very lively, but sometimes rather stinging paper, which is published by Doctor Bacon in New York, recently contained an article about the poet Campbell, in which the writer gives the particulars of a conversation he had with the poet in 1843.

"He remarked that he had formerly seen a great many Americans, but that of late years he had spent much of his time at Boulogne, and had not seen many strangers while there. He liked Boulogne because it afforded retirement, sea air, and good schools, in one of which he had a niece, in whom he felt much interested. Returning to the subject of America, I remarked that every person there took an interest in his writings, and that I thought, if he had never visited the country, he would be gratified in so doing, and would receive a cordial reception. He replied that he should have visited America, if he had not suffered so much from sea-sickness as to find the voyage a serious impediment; that he felt a particular interest in the country, because he considered himself as in some sense allied to the Henrys, of Virginia. He thought Patrick Henry a remarkable man, though he had never seen any extended life of him. Observing

that he seemed to be well acquainted with American history, I ventured to ask what first suggested to him the story of Wyoming as the subject for a poem. "Simply," said he, "from reading Jefferson's notes on Virginia." I remarked that the book seemed to be very generally known to Europeans. "Yes," he replied, "it would not read as well now as it did when it first made its appearance, for the subject was new, and Jefferson's semi-philosophical and semi-visionary character, derived, as was thought, from his familiarity with the French revolutionists, invested every thing he had at any time written with a deep interest. He was a forcible writer, and in the book referred to, gave better accounts of the Indians than I have seen elsewhere. Cooper has a high reputation, and justly. I have read one or two of his books, and they are almost the only novels I ever did read. Irving's Sketch Book interested me, and I mean to read his Columbus." I remarked that Cooper had made himself unpopular with some of our too sensitive countrymen, by the freedom with which he criticized some of our national peculiarities. "Yes," said he, "I like the very independence of his ill-humour, and the outlet he gives to real thoughts on every subject."

Speaking of Cooper and Irving, the two greatest names in our prose literature, it is a remarkable fact that the names of their two principal works have been imitated by English writers a thousand times. Since the appearance of the "Sketch Book," there have been published in London innumerable volumes bearing the same title; as, the Military Sketch Book, the Naval Sketch Book, the Irish Sketch Book, the Parisian Sketch Book, and so on. Cooper's "Last of the Mohegans" has been no less productive of "Last" books; Bulwer alone has published four, the "Last of the Tribunes," the "Last Days of Pompei," the "Last of the Barons," and the "Last of the Saxon Kings;" this last "Last," by the way, is just out; it has been published in two parts by the Harpers, but we have only had time to glance over it and discover that it is a historical novel, with some pretensions to exactness in historical detail. The scene is laid in the eleventh century.

We were amused at seeing the other day a felicitous example of the manner in which a poem may be made by stringing together a line borrowed from this author, a thought from another, and a couplet from another. Much of our poetry now-a-days is made up in the manner of this:

UNIVERSAL ODE ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

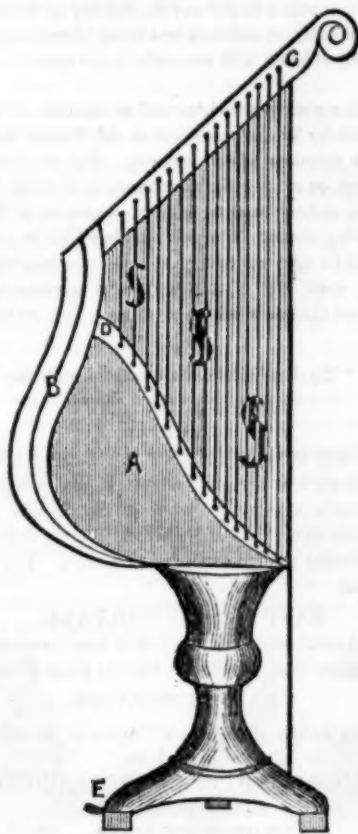
Afar behold the first-born son of night;
Star-like its form, in spangled robes bedight,
Its calm invisible approach is seen,
Like Angels' visits, few and far between.
Enough for thee, O man! this truth to know,
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow.
Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind,
Through freedom's mist scarce sees what's left behind,
Yet views serenely with a downcast eye,
The lofty, spacious firmament on high,
And pearly drops from sable cheeks do pour,
Quick, thick, and heavy like a thunder shower.
Yes! glorious truth with beauty always blends—
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
Now pale she saunters down the grass-clad vale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale.
Blushing like beauty, when her love's confess'd—
Man always is, but never to be blest.
Sad pity it is, and pity it is so true,
That distance lends enchantment to the view—
That noble time, e'er England's woes began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man.
The times are gone, and gone, alas! the fire
That waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
All tenth transmitters of a foolish face

Believe them bastards of a better race.
The short and simple annals of the poor
Have gone a-begging to a beggar's door.

A NEW VIEW OF THE SUMMER SEASON.—The Boston Post says: "The season of snakes, lightning, and drowned children is upon us—more poetical compilers call it summer, and quote flowery literature. On Prospect Hill, Danvers, a rattlesnake $3\frac{1}{4}$ feet long and six inches round, with ten rattles, was killed on Thursday. In Ware a black snake eight feet long, fell a victim to the ancient curse. As it is the business of all the children of Adam to bruise the serpent's head, it is strange so many are left. An Irish girl, the other day, confessed she had seen snakes in her own country, and that they used to have them in the garden to eat snails, slugs and bugs. There have been instances of their being so employed by gardeners."

We have, on a former occasion, spoken of the merits of an excellent weekly paper published in this city, called the Scientific American; in a recent number of this work, which contains diagrams and illustrations of more recent inventions, we find an account of an improvement in the Harp and Guitar, which will prove interesting to some of our musical readers.

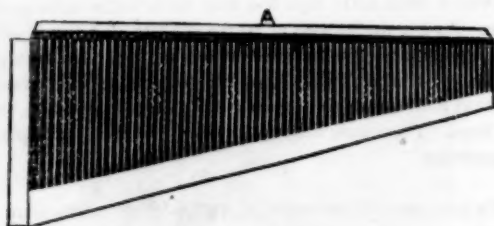
IMPROVEMENT IN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. FIGURE 1.



This instrument is a combination of the Harp and Guitar, the invention of Charles B. Clap, of Gardiner, Maine. The above engraving represents one side, and front of the instrument A., with the strings upon one side. The strings are made fast at the lower end D, and are tightened at the upper end C, like the harp. The other side has the same arrangement. The strings are about the same as those used by the harp. The instrument has an interior chamber like the violin, which is divided into two separate apartments B, and answer for sounding boards for the strings upon both sides.

The inventor has one of these instruments completed, which is most melodious—having great volume and sweetness of sound, and any person who can play upon the harp can readily learn to play upon this. This instrument remedies entirely the only, and oft-repeated objection to the harp, “the want of a sounding board to reverberate the vibration of the strings.”

FIGURE 2.



This is a vertical view of an improvement in pianos. This cut represents the sounding board. Instead of strings like those in use, Mr. Clap uses metallic bars, or teeth made upon the same principle as those now used in music boxes, and attached to that part of the sounding board marked A. They are to be operated with similar action keys to those used in the piano. The object of this improvement is to prevent the liability of losing tune and getting out of order, so common to a string instrument, the strings being so easily affected with atmospheric changes.

Americans are often vexed, as well as amused, at the strange mistakes made by English travellers in the United States, when they publish accounts of this country. But we have enjoyed a hearty laugh on reading the advertisement of some English artist who has endeavoured to paint a panorama of New York without having seen it. The odd jumble which he makes of our localities will be apparent enough to those who read the following copy of the show bill of this wonderful panorama. It beats Banvard's and Hudson's all to nothing. The artist modestly says:

“To those who are acquainted with the
MAGNIFICENT CITY
and

STILL MORE MAGNIFICENT BAY OF NEW YORK,
the importraiture will be readily admitted, and each peculiar feature momentarily recognized; while to the stranger (so happily have the artists secured a position to take in every object of importance) it will offer a subject of intense interest. The view is taken from the

EAST SIDE OF THE PARK,
so that the ARTIFICIAL LAKE, which is now encompassed by a parapet wall, beautifully fills the place of the
GRAND RESERVOIR,

supplied from the monster works of Croton, in the centre of which is erected the

COLOSSAL STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

In close proximity is
THE CITY HALL,
with its beautiful marble front. On the other side is the
PARK THEATRE,

THE WHOLE OF BROADWAY,
from the

ASTOR-HOUSE TO THE BATTERY,
and

ALL THE INTERVENING STREETS FROM THE
NORTH TO THE EAST RIVER,
are distinctly portrayed.

THE MIGHTY HUDSON,
which surrounds

THE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN,

spreading its circumambient waters into the beautiful Bay, is so effectively delineated that any attempt at description must prove abortive. With Burns, it may be said,

“The outstretching lake, embosomed in the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills.”

JERSEY CITY,

THE ELYSIAN FIELDS OF HOBOKEN,

mingling in the distance with Staten Island, skirts the horizon on one side. The other is completed by

BROOKLYN AND LONG ISLAND,

which, to the passing clouds of nature, presents a beautiful contrast. So simple but magnificent is the scene, so chaste and delicate is the tone of colouring in the rich and broken lines of verdure, that, like Nature's self, it defies descriptive art.

The forests of masts that line the Wharfs, and the busy Shipping skimming across the lake-like waters, are all formidably effective.

“THE NARROWS.”

too, are delineated with the same truthfulness that pervades the whole painting; and where the waters soften in the distance with the sky, the blending is so well effected that it becomes questionable “where Nature ends and Art begins.”

Amongst other objects prominently brought forward are

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH,

THE ASTOR HOUSE,

WALL STREET AND THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE,

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE,

THE NATIONAL AND ADELPHI HOTELS,

FRANKLIN-HALL,

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM,

TRINITY CHURCH,

CHATHAM STREET.

THE CASTLE GARDENS,

THE NUMEROUS ISLANDS OF THE BAY,

and, in fine, every spot of interest, splendour, or importance, the whole forming a scene to which

VENICE HERSELF MUST YIELD THE PALM OF BEAUTY.

THE FIRING

will be in illustration of the

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY,

the day of the

DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

THE PAINTING AND MODELLING

have been conducted under the able superintendence of Mr. FENTON, of London; and the whole of the winter having been devoted to preparatory arrangements, it is confidently expected to surpass his previously excellent works.”

The view from the Park across the artificial lake, which includes the Merchant's Exchange, Trinity Church, Castle Garden, Chatham street, and the numerous islands of the beautiful bay, must really strike those who are acquainted with the city, with no small degree of astonishment. The colossal statue of Washington, which stands in the centre of the lake in close approximation to the City Hall, must be exceedingly curious. It is a spectacle which would prove peculiarly agreeable to the Managers of the Washington Monument Fund.

We intended in our last number to have alluded to a very fine portrait of the lamented Mendelssohn Bartholdy, which has been engraved in the line manner, in the highest style of art, by W. G. Jackman. It is a truly beautiful engraving, which reflects great credit upon the spirited publisher and talented engraver.

The death of eminent men used once to give rise to more “tributes” in verse, than are common now-a-days. Among the

poetry elicited by the death in a duel, of Gen. Alexander Hamilton by Col. Aaron Burr was the following;

"Oh! Aaron Burr, what have you done?
You've shot great General Hamilton;
You got behind a bunch of thistles,
And shot him dead with two hoss-pistils."

We hope that all the country will be wide awake to the new postage bill recently introduced into the Senate by Mr. Niles, which provides for a very great reduction on letters, as well as newspapers and magazines. The object of introducing the bill at this time is not to have any action upon it, but to give the people an opportunity to express their sentiments upon the subject, so that at the next session of Congress their representatives may be able to carry out the wishes of their constituents. There can be hardly a question that the people will take the matter in hand and convince their representatives that they are in earnest in demanding a reduction of letter postage. It is a singular fact that Mr. Niles, who introduced this bill into the Senate, has been more distinguished for his abilities since his release from confinement in the Insane Asylum, than he ever was previously. The Cincinnati Herald, in giving a biographical sketch of Mr. Niles, says:

"Old Father Niles is the first man of whom we recollect to have heard, who became great by losing his reason. We once knew a citizen of Northern Ohio, who died two or three years ago, at the advanced age of eighty, who, from his youth, until he was fifty years of age, was much afflicted with rheumatism. At the close of the last war, in 1815, he joined with others in celebrating the peace, by the firing of cannon, &c. &c., when an unlucky spark fell among the cartridges, and an explosion ensued, blowing him some fifty feet into the air, and burning and bruising him terrible. After many months of confinement, he recovered, and found himself, to his surprise, entirely free from rheumatic pains, and from that time to the day of his death, he enjoyed excellent health.—Rheumatism had become a habit with him, as sometimes happens now: he was cured of bad habits by being blown up. So Mr. Niles has been raised from mediocrity to greatness by becoming insane. Certain it is, that previous to that event, Mr. N. did not evince a tithe of the independence, or moral or intellectual power he has since displayed."

The following sound advice was given to a young kinsman by the late William Ellery Channing:

"Do anything innocent rather than give yourself up to *reverie*. I can speak on this point from experience. At one period of my life I was a dreamer, castle builder. Visions of the distant and future took the place of present duty and activity. I spent hours in reverie. I suppose I was seduced in part by physical debility, but the body suffered as much as the mind. I found, too, that the imagination threatened to inflame the passions, and that, if I meant to be virtuous, I must dismiss my musings. The conflict was a hard one. I resolved, prayed, resisted, sought refuge in occupation, and at length I triumphed. I beg you to avail yourself of my experience."

"Few things are so uncertain as the immediate reception of a book. Its merit is no pledge of public favour. Books which amuse, or which pander to the prejudices, passions, party spirit, sectarian spirit and selfish interests of the day, succeed best. When we publish, we must prepare ourselves for neglect, indifference, and even unkind remark."

Among the changes that have recently taken place in the literary world, or rather, the world of letters, we notice that Grace Greenwood has retired from the responsible post of editor of a newspaper. Charming as women are, and necessary as they are, not only to the existence, but the happiness of man, we could never persuade ourselves that they were accomplishing their mission in the world while editing papers, any more than in farming or shoeing horses. In France women edit papers, and in France, too, it is a very common thing for women to support their husbands in idleness. But it is an unnatural reversal. The editor of the Boston Post says, in respect to Grace Greenwood:

"She's a fine creature, and deserves good health and a good

husband. Say what you will about it, damp newspapers, jingling rhymes, flashy sentiment, wafers, pen and ink, sand and desk labour, are not for the sex. It is better to be the wife of a yeoman than the most famous of literary ladies."

Byron, in his *Sardanapalus*, pays the following noble tribute to woman:

"The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them."

Speaking of women reminds us of an odd advertisement which we saw not long since in the *Evening Mirror*, and as it is both curious and interesting, and may be of some service to some of our lady readers, we copy it for their benefit:

"TO PARENTS.—*A Wife Wanted for a Son.*—An elderly gentleman, in possession of an estate worth fifty thousand dollars, unencumbered, but which cost more, wishing to settle an only son, under twenty-one years, of extremely good habits, and who would give him this property by deed, would receive proposals from the father or friends of a respectable young lady, on whom would be settled, under the law of the 7th of April, 1848, which secures to females the sole right and control over their own property, real or personal, a similar amount of property, more or less, provided the young couple, when introduced, shall be pleased with each other, and *voluntarily, of their own free will*, shall agree to become man and wife."

"By this course the parties would be able to live in a very respectable, if not affluent manner, by uniting their separate estates in support of their family and affairs."

"The advertiser is not much of a believer in what is usually called *love matches*, as he has known many of them to turn out anything but that. Yet he is a full believer in love and friendship, founded on prudence, good morals and reason, and knows that true affection often increases after marriage. He regrets that his son is not of age, yet is most anxious to see him settled before he leaves this transitory world, which he does not expect will be long. It is presumed that fathers would be as anxious to settle their daughters as he is to settle his son."

"This young man will have one of the most splendid mansions in this State, near New York, with one hundred acres of land, which mansion and grounds are sufficiently elegant to suit the taste of any lady in this country. Address *Longinus*, post paid, to prevent spurious applications."

The editor of the *Mirror* says that he can vouch for the respectability of the advertiser, and the perfect good faith of his offer. But the matter has too business-like an air to suit young people, and we fear that a man who confesses that he has no faith in love-matches will be regarded as



A DEY AFTER THE FAIR.

At the Anniversary of the Literary Societies of the University of New York, held last month, the poet of the occasion was William Wallace, of Kentucky, who delivered a local romance

in which he introduced nearly all the celebrities of the day, and described a good many local scenes about the commercial metropolis. The following is his description of

MORNING IN BROADWAY.

THE Daylight broadens! Gradual in the street
Grows the slow trampling of increasing feet:
The Merchant hurries to the murmuring mart,
Whose god is certain of the votary's heart—
For Infidelity was never known
Where Idols glitter on a golden throne
The Attorney creeps—soft movements gain his store,
And—wonder not—the serpent crept before:
The Doctor flies, for Nature might step in
And cure before the drugs with Death begin:
The Loafer dawdles out again, nor say
His person only cumbers up the way—
The brainless object proves what brains have missed,
That Nothing *can* and *has* and *will* exist:
The *Parvenue* in chariot thunders past,
His arms a leopard rampart for a last
On which his plain old father stretched the hide,
Marquis of stoutest shoes, his only pride,
And to the close a Cobbler lived and died:
The bright-eyed Artist joins the human streams;
Thou fool! is this a country made for dreams?
Only the REAL here can hope to please!
Meat is the Mecca, and the magnet, Cheese
Yet do we prove that *orthodox* we stand,
For milk and honey made our Holy Land.
The Labourer whistles to his daily task;
And his the only face of all without a mask.

At last the tide is up—the human tide,
Swayed by the moons of Avarice or of Pride—
It leaps, it gurgles in the narrow ways;
In Broadway widens to a 'wondering maze;
Wolfish on 'Change when Fortune grows or falls,
But very meek and pious at St., Paul's.
For one, I hold the Unity of Race,
The heart the same, no matter skin or place:
The Brahmin sweeps the insect from his path,
But hoards for man, the *brother*-worm, his wrath;
The Indian bows before the "Doctor's talk,"
But thinks of scalping and his tomahawk;
The Moslem howls "*Il Allah*," in the Mosque,
But dreams of *Leila* in the cool Kiosk;
And we? I hold the Unity of Race,
The heart the same, no matter skin or place!

'Tis Evening; still no rest! the gas lamp's glare
Dethroning Day, illumines the Human Lair;
The Lounger puffs before the huge hotel;
The Fireman listens for the warning bell;
The Museum opens its "hospitable door,"
And BARNUM revels in one humbug more—
Says that the City begged it on its knees,
And what could Protean Barnum do but please?
The Park is potent still in scenic art,
"To sink the manners and corrupt the heart;"
There double murder fills the greedy eye,
Duncan and *Shakspeare* stabbed together die;
And still intent on taking other lives,
NEW-YORK applauds and Fustian yet survives!

"And Barnum revels in one humbug more!"

All of Barnum's shows are not, by any means, humbugs; he has been exhibiting at his Museum, during the hot month of July, a "fat baby," that was the greatest reality in its way that we have ever seen; the poor thing went waddling about the floor of

the Museum, seeming to say, "O! that this too, too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and dissolve itself into a dew." The poor creature was sixteen months old and weighed exactly ninety pounds. In addition to this "fat friend" of Barnum's, he had on exhibition two young Highland brothers, aged seven and nine years, whose united weight was five hundred pounds. The parents of the fat baby were Germans, and the juvenile Lambert was born in New Orleans. Children should be put to a better use than making exhibitions of them. We never see the forty-eight little Viennoise dancers, that have been amusing this country the past twelve months, without painful emotions, and pitying the poor little creatures who, instead of being at play, were playing for the benefit of others. Look at this unmeaning fat face, which our artist has sketched as a model for a



CHILD'S MUG,

and feel how cruel it would be to make the infantile marvel a show at so much a head!

We never knew, until we saw a letter from Albany the other day in a Southern paper, that the ladies of that venerable Knickerbocker city were such "Heavenly maids;" we suspect that the writer must have been desperately smitten by some of the Dutch ladies there. He says:

"Nor are her advantages of position all that Albany can boast of. In her splendid parks, in the beauty of her public and private dwellings, in the good old Dutch honesty and hospitality of the people, and last, though not least, in the good sense, modesty and beauty of her damsels, Albany stands unrivalled. The Harlem may boast of its soft-eyed beauties, Andalusia of its brunettes, France of its fairies, and Italy of its sylph-like forms, but Albany combines the graces and beauties of the whole."

We shouldn't wonder if this were written by the "Bachelor of the Albany."

Here are a pair of puns that may be old, but as they are on new subjects, they cannot be genuine antiques, as most puns are.

They say the secret of the success of Mrs. Miller, the tobacco-nist, is that she has so much *capital to-back-her*.

The "Model Artistes" having sued a Western editor for libel, that gentleman expresses a hope that they will gain their *suit*, as they certainly need one among them.

A recent letter from a London correspondent gives the following interesting account of the internal economy of a London shop, which shows how grandly and humanely the business of the establishment is conducted. This realizes, it strikes us, in as nearly perfect a degree as possible, the ideal of the new school of political economists called Socialists, or Communists. A merchant and his assistants, in an establishment conducted on principles such as are here developed, is like a patriarch of the olden time surrounded by his family of children and herdsmen.

"The business of the house in question closes at seven o'clock; and then, after tea, those young men who are disposed may retire to a large and well lighted reading room, well supplied with a fine library and the best periodicals of the day. For those who are disposed, teachers in French, Latin, German, and music, are engaged, and any instrument chosen is procured by the principals. Drawing masters are also at hand, and there is a fine selection of casts and pictures to study from. Three times a week the most distinguished *savans* are engaged to lecture to the young men, and courses on chemistry, popular anatomy, geology, botany, electricity, &c., are given by masters in their respective vocations. Occasional examinations are instituted, and once a week a conver-

sazione is held at which the young men and women of other establishments exchange visits. Besides all this, every individual is allowed a certain time each day for out door exercise. In short, the employer's house is made a home to them, and few so situated, I hear, feel inclined to idle away valuable time, eating welsh rabbits and drinking pots of porter at the 'Cole Hole.' I have not enumerated half of what I saw and heard, but this must suffice."

There are two establishments in New York, Stewart's and Beck's, which in some degree resemble this large London House. but of their interior economy we have not the means of speaking by authority.

The French Revolution has produced some very strange results; not the least among them is the sending out of France nearly all the actors, artists, dancers, singers, and buffoons who used once to make Paris so attractive. What will become of them? Many will find their way to the United States, some will go to England, others will adopt more useful occupations, and in a few years the whole race will be extinct. The London Times says:

"One effect of the French Revolution has been to drive to our shores a host of foreigners who were engaged solely in ministering to luxury and taste. There is an end of these things in France for many a long day. French milliners are to be found up two pairs back in every remote quarter of London, prepared to invest the classical but somewhat stern figure of Britannia, as she appears on the halfpence, with an elegant *negligé* at one-third of the English prices. Bootmakers, tailors, hair-dressers, are flocking to London from all parts of the Continent; and now the actors are coming. The taste for dramatic diversion is no doubt as strong as ever in Paris, but the spectators have no means of remunerating the actors. This swarm of foreigners must succeed in England or perish. The palmy days of Louis Philippe were the halcyon epoch of the professions and trades that ministered to Parisian luxury. We are not aware that any complaint has yet been uttered by the various classes of London shopkeepers, whose custom will for a time be affected by the competition of these foreign immigrants. They will, no doubt, be inclined to wince at first, but their good sense will tell them that whatever tends to the diffusion of a taste for the luxuries and elegancies of life cannot in the long run be hurtful to their interests. The public, in the meanwhile, will be the gainers. It will not be the first time that we shall have been under obligations to the taste and industry of foreign refugees."

The literature of Advertising is getting to be an important branch of the *belles lettres*. Literary men are not above lending, or rather selling, their talents to the service of shopkeepers in recommending their merchandise. The true place to look for *jeux d'esprits*, *bon mots*, and a sententious style, is in the advertising columns of a newspaper. The leaders of a newspaper are written for the purpose of filling up vacant space, and the smallest possible quantity of thought is spread over the greatest possible surface; in writing an advertisement which has to be paid for by the line, for insertion, the opposite course is followed, and the greatest possible amount of wit and thought is compressed into the smallest possible space. The result is both natural and inevitable. Newspaper leaders are windy, wordy and dull, while advertisements are generally terse, pointed and witty. We have collected together an amusing variety of witty advertisements which we will give some time in our monthly *resumé*. The following is a curious example; the precise meaning of it we do not exactly know. We take it from a daily paper, and are not sure but it is only a feminine *ruse* to get possession of other peoples' secrets:

THE ONLY LADY WHO GIVES TRUE INFORMATION, is Mrs. Roeder, 426 Broadway. Her profession is with the planets, stars, and science true and correct.

We must beg leave, however, to differ from this knowing lady;

we do not believe that she is the "only lady that gives true information." We know of several ladies ourselves whose word is as good as law, and who give true information daily in respect to their wants and domestic necessities which can be relied on as strictly correct.

We have given several instances of English humour; it is proper that we should give a specimen of the American article; the following attempt is from a five dollar cotemporary:

THE DANGERS OF EARLY RISING.

A lad stood on a ladder tall,
A-painting of a sign—
A new, short sign; and 'Lang Syne Auld'
He whistled; the sun did shine.

And tune or sun moved snow on roof,
Unused to melting mood:
It slid and peeped o'er eaves above,
Eaves-dropping where he stood.

He, gazing down on Miss beneath,
Dreamed not mischance was near,
But held his bucket in his hand,
And brushed a silent T R.

He was a printer's 'prentice boy,
I need not print his name;
He came of high descent indeed,
But now 'tis all the same.

But ah! the snow, too soon it fell,
As if with fell design;
He kicked the bucket, down he dropped:
He died and made no sign!

There is a marvellous harmony of motive and execution in this humorous piece of verse, whose author we do not know.

It used to be common for people when speaking of any serious undertaking, to preface it by saying "it is no joke." But everything now-a-days take the form of a joke, and the most important affairs of life are made fun of, while the most frivolous are beginning to be regarded as serious matters. It is the humour of the age to be funny; tragedies and comedies are voted heavy, dull, slow, and no go, while the lightest, most whimsical, and meaningless burlesques on human actions and motives, are alone attractive at the theatres and other places of amusement. That wicked wag, *Punch*, who seems to have set the whole world a-joking or the whole world has set him a-joking, it matters not which, recently burlesqued the sufferings of poor unemployed operatives in this manner.

PANIC IN THE JOKE MARKET.

"We understand that there are no less than five hundred punsters out of employ in London alone at the present time, to say nothing of the vast amount of jokers out of work in the provinces. In Manchester there are no less than fifty first-rate wags, working half-price, and several of the old hands who have been constantly employed in spinning yarns, are literally without employment."

A joke is a joke still, but lest the following should be regarded as a burlesque on steam and the go-ahead resources of the age, we must avow that this account of what is daily done in our metropolis is a serious fact and one well worth thinking about.

"We were informed a few days since, by a large paper dealer in this city, that it was not at all uncommon for him to have in his warehouse, and sell, at 9 o'clock in the morning, paper which was *rag's* a hundred and fifty miles from New York at 9 o'clock of the previous morning. A better illustration of the power of steam could not be given, or of the progress of the age. The rags are placed in a duster, thence conveyed to the troughs or vats, where (in some kinds of paper) the sizing is mixed with the pulp, and from these vats the paper passes over heated rollers, and final-

ly between two immensely heavy iron rollers, which give it the glazed surface, and it is then cut, folded, packed, and sent to the rail-road; all in the course of a few hours. The telegraph enables New York merchants to order paper in Massachusetts at any moment, and receive the returns, manufactured, and even ruled, by almost the next steamer."

The Journal of Commerce vouches for this; so, a man when he takes up a newspaper to-day, may very likely be handling the shirt which covered his back but the day before; and some of our readers may now be perusing our remarks on portions of the dress which they wore but last week. This page may be made of some elderly maiden's night cap, while the next one may be part of the pillow case upon which rested the head of one of her bachelor suitors. But we will not follow out all the whimsical associations that may be the result of this rapidity of converting rags into literature. It is very clear that in a country where such things are done there can be few or no *idles*, like this



HINDOO IDLE.

In this country, too, where things go so rapidly by steam, there are too many human beavers, to allow improvements to cease, or society to grow rusty. By the way, speaking of beavers, our artist, who has been smitten by the alarmingly increasing disease of punning, has ventured on a pictorial pun in the following exemplification of



HUNTING THE BEAVER.

The beaver that this fat old gentleman is in pursuit of, is probably one of *Genin's*, for they are very much run after by all kinds of people about these days; for, as a friend of ours remarked the other day, "his beavers are *Gen'in* and no mistake." The cut should be called "hunting the *Gen'in* rocky mountain beaver." There are certain subjects that may be properly regarded as the legitimate property of jokers; the vices of kings, the follies of the learned, the pretensions of parvenue: the hypocrisy of the self-called pious, the bombast of politicians, and the whims of women. These are the subjects upon which those immortal jokers, Sterne, Swift and Rabelais, expended their humour. But, in their desperation, some of our modern jokers seem to forget the true province of humorous satire, and expend the greater part of their wit upon the misfortunes of the people rather than their foibles. Such humour is dismal, and much more likely to provoke a groan than a guffaw. Our humorous artist has made another attempt to show the astonishing effects of a certain kind of soap

which is generally called soft, probably from its emollient qualities rather than any softness in its nature.



Here is a natural hand, in all its knobby roughness, before the emollient has been applied. One would rather not receive a "wipe," or even a shake from such a fist, but, rough, hard, knobby, and altogether intractable, as it appears, such a hand, and the hand in this case is only a symbol of the whole man, body and mind,—such a hand, by the power of a little soft soap properly applied, may be rendered smooth, velvety, jewelled, gracious and gentle: as, for instance, here is the same hand as it appeared after being well soaped.



Let no one hereafter despair of converting a harsh temper into a loving one, but put his faith in soap.

TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.—It will be seen by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements with Harper & Brothers, W. H. Graham, Burgess & Stringer, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise *all our country subscribers*, who wish to obtain new works from the city, to forward the amount to C. W. Holden, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of a pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as the Publisher of Holden's Magazine will in all cases receive money at his own risk, through the mail, in payment for any book published, provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent. By this method any one can surely receive any publication wished.

As the Magazine is furnished at a mere nominal price to country subscribers, we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favour us with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our very small profit on the Magazine; and we know that many, if not all, of our friends in the country prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. Any book in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered. Letters must invariably be post paid.